

club

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SEKASEX!

SEPTEMBER 1987 \$4.25

WORTHY OF
BOLD TO PENDING JUDITH
GARDENING GARDEN OF ARTS

SEKA

WITH A SPLASH UP

GINGER



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club



Club, September 1987:
Volume 13, Issue 8

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Club magazine
and he's still hotback!

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ONE · MONTH · ON THE STATE OF PLAY

*From the offices of America's hottest,
the inside story of what's going down
on the horny side of town...*

Being as how the editor's called in sick again — from Europe this time, and the rest of the staff are on vacation. It's left to me, the plant attendant, to write this month's editorial. (Well no one has actually asked me, but it's late at night, the typewriter's here, the plants are watered.)

The first thing to say is that none

should feel all I can say is there was an African vixen with a real case of the droops that perked up real quick after the knees around the ears pose!

Not, of course, that I would pose for a magazine like Club After all I have a grandmother in Des Moines!

It's the same with the writing. I



Soka & Ginger



Jenette



Renee Elfving

of the girls in this issue look anything like as sexy as I do! I know that because I've just been posing on the editor's desk and looking at myself in the mirror. And I can say that when it comes to horny posing, I can do it! My tits would really make your eyes bulge. And my wide-open pussy

mean, the confessions turned me on alright — in fact the editor's chair will never be the same again — but I can write far sweeter confessions than that.

And that short story! Hell I wrote a better one at coffee break. Started off with me and the cab driver — the one who turned out to



High Roller

be a Martian. And ended up with us screaming eye-to-eye, ending with a cataclysmic orgasm along the optic nerve. But then, of course, I would never write anything for a magazine like this! I'm a properly brought up girl with a lot of plans to look after. And the way they treat them, you would not believe!

So all I can say is, it's a good magazine but I could write a far

better one any day, if I wanted to. Which is precisely what I say about Ronald Reagan, he's a good enough President, but think of the job he could do, if he felt like it!

I guess there are a lot of people who had like me about the President and magazines. Both are pretty easy jobs really. One day we'll prove what a great job we can do. When we can be bothered. Right? ☺

• COMMUNICATION •

Your chance to write dirty to us and the models about your wildest fantasies and greatest sexual experiences.

Write for Communication, Club Magazine

PO Box 1280 Norwalk Connecticut 06856

All Washed Up!

Sir I want to tell you about my latest conquest. I am a lady who always gets what I want... sexually speaking anyway. I got a real buzz out of the flirtation, the chase, the catch and finally the royal fucking of some poor unsuspecting guy.

I'll pick out a man from all kinds of places: the man behind the window at the post office, the security man in my office building, the mechanic at my local garage, the waiter in my favorite restaurant. You name the place and I've had the man!

I believe in the pleasure principle and I spend my life pursuing it. My most recent encounter was when I took my sport's car to the car wash. When I

entered, I opened my mouth slightly and drew my moist tongue in a slow seductive circle around my pouting pink lips. He got the hint because the snake in his shorts started to uncoil and rears its head. He straightened up and without taking his eyes off me, he put the "CLOSED" sign behind my vehicle. I got into my car and just waited for my turn.

The hunky attendant scrubbed the underside of my car and then as it started to chug through in automatic, he opened the car door and led me to the back. We climbed onto the trunk and from there on to the roof of my little coupe to begin the real fun. He kissed me hard, his tongue exploring the soft walls of



"He spends the night here, just to catch Flo in action."

saw the attendant I simply had to have him, then and there! It was a hot day and I watched him at the front of the line of cars, bare to the waist, sweat running over his muscular chest as he scrubbed the hub caps before the car wheels slotted into the tracks and the automatic cycle started. He was incredibly attractive and I stepped out of my car on the pretense of escaping the heat, but actually to get a better look at this sexy stud!

I stretched up in the air and then draped myself seductively across the car, never taking my eyes off him. When he caught my glance he grinned from ear to ear and whistled appreciatively. Just to be sure that he knew I was

my mouth and throat while with his hands he fondled my small sensitive breasts causing my pussy to juice and my whole body to quiver in ecstasy.

All of a sudden the wash cycle began and jets of soapy water catapulted against our hairy bodies which were gyrating in anticipation on the top of my car. My hunk moved to one side and allowed a hot jet to splash against my throbbing pussy lips, pulsating and massaging my clit in a way that no tongue ever had. I let the water arouse me and then pushed his face to my crotch. What a sight his face buried in my box who the warm jets of water fell down on my skin. It was so erotic.

My attendant then stood on the

trunk of the car and with a single and manly thrust, he drove his steel ram rod into my supping out and began to pump me for all I was worth.

I was then that I saw what was coming—the buffet! You know, those big circular rotating things that look like huge feather dusters and are meant to put a shine on your metal. As this guy humped me savagely the buffet attacked him from behind, pounding and brushing his butt and making him grunt in pure undisturbed kinky enjoyment.

Just when he was about to cream inside me he stopped and shouted, "If you don't want a wax job as well, we better move!"

The two of us slipped off the car and into the office just in time, and fucked like maniacs for the rest of the afternoon.

I don't know who'll pick up next but it will be hard to beat this highly erotic water sport!

"Clean"
Kansas City, MO.

Reaching

See I am not the type of guy who usually writes in to magazines. But after seeing Sonia in the June 87 issue of *Club*, I just had to let you know what that girl made me feel!

It was her absolute innocence that got to me. She was so fresh

faced and beautiful, like one of those ads for face soap. Her eyes were bright, her complexion was clear. She looked lovely and home grown, like the type of girl that most guys would want to take home to mother.

She looks like sweetness and light but the exciting part is that I bet she can be a tramp in the bedroom. The way that she was posed in that black corset, stockings, and a bowtie was so naughty but nice.

The picture of her with just a bowtie and stockings had me reaching for my dick at no time. I imagined that I was thrusting my pole between those gorgeous tits while she stared at me with those innocent flirtatious eyes. Every now and then I imagine that she just darts out her tongue and licks the tiny beads of come from my thrusting weapon. As my climax approaches she grabs her tits and presses them tight around my shaft and when I come, I squirt my goopy white dollops all over her breasts and neck!

Just look what you do to me Sonia. I have to go off to relieve myself just from thinking about you. I hope to see you on the pages of *Club* real soon.

"Admire"
Washington D.C.

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FEELS ON REELS

high fashion photographer, played by *Dave*, and *Kyle*, a young actor, played by *Jerry Butler*. Then *Kyle* and *Ashley* are going at it one night, a young woman bursts into the room, claims she's *Kyle's* wife, and unabashedly joins the fun! When a few more of *Kyle's* indiscreetness surface, *Ashley* takes her full measure of raucous revenge.

Well-directed and featuring one of *Barbara's* hottest performances, 10½ Weeks is solid erotic fun. **RATING: 3**



10½ WEEKS

Starring *Barbara Dare*, *Jerry Butler*, *John Leslie*, *Kelsa Sophia Hunter*, *Jocelyne Salvia*, *Nikki Knight*, *Dana Dylan*, and *Tom Byron*. Directed by *Robert McCallum*.

Up and coming *Exxxs* super star *Barbara Dare* stars in this passionate romance about the head over heels love affair between *Ashley*, a smoldering actor, played by *Jerry Butler*. Then *Kyle* and *Ashley* are going at it one night, a young woman bursts into the room, claims she's *Kyle's* wife, and unabashedly joins the fun! When a few more of *Kyle's* indiscreetness surface, *Ashley* takes her full measure of raucous revenge.

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MARILYN CHAMBERS AMERICA'S HORNIEST

Troubled by Sexual Problems? Want to know more about the porno world? Write to Marilyn Chambers, Club

PO Box 1290, Norwalk, Conn 06856



Dear Marilyn: Hell I'm 19 years old and I'm into this heavy relationship with a man 5 years my senior. He's incredibly hot for me and I tease him remorselessly, you know, fisting with other guys, wearing short skirts and high heels to parties, and generally making him sweat for it. But it's all part of the game, right? When we're alone I'm all for him. I wear black stockings and a garter belt in bed, and there's absolutely nothing I won't do for him sexually. He's got a beautiful body and a very pretty, very large cock, but he's got this kinky hangup about withholding it just a split second before orgasm, and jerking off all over my body. As you can probably guess, this is very frustrating for me, as above all else I need him inside me to achieve my climax. What's this big thing some guys seem to have about spraying their cum every place but where it counts? It's become a habit with my guy—a habit I can damn well do without.

"Feed off"
Newark, NJ
The first, most obvious question is are you taking any precautions against pregnancy? No guy wants to get stuck with a pregnant 19-year old chick, no matter how

much he thinks he loves her. If you're completely protected then ask him what the deal is? Tell him that once in awhile it's fun to be sleepy and get sprayed all over with his cum, but every time you fuck? Sounds like you need to take control of the situation, and take hold of the reins.

Begin the next fuck session by coyly asking him to keep his hands to himself so you can fuck him. If he agrees, then get on top of him and go to town on his big hard dick. When it's time to get your rocks off and he starts squirming just get down hard on it and don't let him pull out, if he doesn't agree to this, keep your vibrator or a dildo handy, so that when he pulls out you won't miss out on your orgasm!

Dear Marilyn: Ever since my first sexual relationship, I've enjoyed sitting on top. That way I get to have total control—to hang on in there and ride any way I please, until I cum. Well, my latest lover likes me sitting on top, too—though with a difference. He's got this kink about arranging mirrors at the foot of the bed, so that he can prop himself up on his elbows and gloat over the rear view action of my pussy swallowing up his

cock. Last time we did this, he urged me to look back over my shoulder, and I was shocked (in a pleasant kind of way!) at the totally pornographic image we presented.

The reason I'm writing you is that this scene with the mirrors has now become a habit. It's as though my boyfriend no longer gets off on how I feel, but how I look. Now he's into spreading my bums so that he can see every little detail of my pussy while I'm sliding up and down on him. I'm no longer his girlfriend, Marilyn. I'm his private, personal peep show. Unashamedly, that's how I feel right now. How do you suggest I get him to quit his antics without embarrassing him or completely turning him off?

"Unad"

Kansas City, MO

Most men carry around an ego the size of a Mack truck — But when it comes to sex and mirrors, forget about it! Personally, mirrors don't do anything for me, because they usually distract my mind from the pleasure I'm feeling. But I guess men react differently. I remember when I purchased a king-sized water bed, that had mirrors all around including the ceiling part. My lover at the time couldn't get enough, but I got tired of him rearranging our bodies constantly to get a better look and I got sick of sharing my bed with two intruders who kept staring back at me from



all angles all the time!

After getting rid of him and the bed, I went out with other gentlemen who had the same fetish about looking in the mirror while we had sex. I finally realized that this is a very common thing with a lot of guys. My present lover is the same way, although the way he does it is really kind of cute. He says it really intrigues him to watch his cock sliding in and out of my pussy. He claims that sometimes he even disengages himself from the scene and feels like he's watching a porno movie with us in it! He encourages me to watch, but I tend to go ahead and enjoy the visual part. He doesn't take offense at this because he knows I really get off on the feeling, rather than the visual part. But there are times



GOTCHA!

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WITCHA!

Great stuff, isn't it guys? Of course, it had to happen — the AAA has had it all its own way too long. It was only a matter of time before some entrepreneur started an alternative service.

The principle of the service is quite simple. For a membership fee, the distressed driver may call out a raunchy girl to get him back on the road.

She'll be beautiful, she'll be naked and horny,





GOTCHA!

she'll know nothing about cars. But who in their right mind caves? In fact, I may puncture my own tires next time. ☺



DEBBIE · SASS TALK DIRTY TO ME

We all know what Debbie likes! Or do we? Why not ask her!

Or tell her. Write to Debbie Sass.

Club, PO Box 1290, Norwalk, Conn 06856



Licked Clean

Dear Debbie: I have been an avid reader of Club for about five years now. I can't say that I read it for the articles, as some guys claim. No. I read it for the pure escape into the erotic realm of fiction, fantasy and fabulous lusting. It is a marvelous release from daily pressures.

I never really considered that the stories recounted by your readers could be true. They all seemed a bit exaggerated to say the least. At any rate that's what I thought until I had this amazing experience, that I feel is worthy of a place in your mag.

My wife and I are both professional people and our jobs require us to travel separately quite a bit. To maintain some kind of domestic order in our otherwise chaotic lives we have a live-in nanny and have recently hired a friend of her's to come in and

clean three times a week. They are both nice girls, though they are quite reserved and don't quite know how to approach me. However I feel completely confident about leaving them in charge of house and home.

Last week I arrived home earlier than expected and as always, everything was in order. I was just heading up the stairs to bed when I heard a strange sound coming from the livingroom—a sort of grunt that made me jump. I crept to the door all ready to pounce on the intruder. So you can imagine my surprise when instead of a burglar sacking my living room, I found the nanny going it with the cleaner!

I had never seen two girls together before and the sight was so erotic that my pole immediately stood to attention. Talk about my fantasy come true! I couldn't believe my luck to be able to

watch two naive females tongue each other's throbbing clits in front of a roaring fire. I stood silently as they fingered and sucked, nibbled and plucked, as roaming hands massaged and caressed nipples, backs, breasts, butts and long firm legs.

These girls were rapidly approaching climax and I simply had to get in on the act. I pulled my throbbing tool out of my pants and began fisting it vigorously. The girls' long, luscious, each other was making me so horny that I knew I wouldn't be long before I would send my jets of pearly sperm flying.

Then they started to lick one another from head to toe, one and then the other. Their beautiful pink tongues left visible trails of wetness over breasts, tummies and hips. In turn they held one another's feet and gently sucked each toe into the warm wetness where their tongues could explore and taste every part of the body.

What was so amazing was that it was as if they were doing it to me. Every nerve in my body was standing at attention and I kept shuddering as waves of excitement took over my body. It was like nothing I'd experienced before or since. I'd watched erotic videos before but now I could see everything. I could even smell the wonderfully pungent musky odor of their love juices as they tried to bring one and other off. I could hear them talking to each other, as each tried to please. Phrases like: "Do you like it when I tease your clit?" "That's it, suck my tits while you finger fuck me," "A little lower, yes that's it." Oh my God! I'm going to cum. Come where I can suck you off."

As these two beauties climaxed, I too reached a shuddering orgasm.

Now I am sure that most Club readers would then say that they joined the girls' band had wonderful first way sex all night. Perhaps this is why many stay in the city and snuck out of the house. I then drove to the nearest payphone and called the girls to tell them that I was on my way home, so as to give them a chance to dress etc.

The memories of that erotic night will stay with me for years, but I wasn't about to embarrass them by catching them in the act and expecting them to welcome me with open arms. It was a beautiful scene of female lovemaking and I feel lucky to have seen it.

"Observer"
Los Angeles, CA

"Good help is so hard to find these days." —Kisses Debbie

Slipping and Sliding

Dear Debbie: Are you into only sex? I have just discovered the thrill of greatest joy and now I wonder how I went without it for so long. I went home with a date not too long ago and was in for a real surprise.

When we retired to the bedroom she put a rubber sheet out on the plush carpet and after making me lie down and promise not to move, she proceeded to anoint my body with warm scented oil from head to toe!

It was such an incredibly sensual experience. She massaged me first lying on my front. She skillfully kneaded the muscles of my shoulders and upper back. Her touch was firm and I could feel the week's pressures evaporating as she rubbed the tired muscles. I had no idea that a rub down could be so erotic.

My boner beneath me was rigid and with each motion she made,

my sexual awareness seemed to increase. She was naked, and I could feel her oily burns against my ass. She was giggling as she massaged my back so that she was rubbing her beautiful clit at the same time. As I became more relaxed and aroused so did she, and her moans soon became audible.

I wanted her then and there but she made me turn over onto my back saying that she was not finished yet. She rubbed my arms massaged each of my fingers in turn and then after applying oil to my chest, she squeezed my pec muscles while she rubbed her hot little buttocks over my balls for added stimulation.

The two of us were sopping with oil and the musky juices of her love. She took my aching penis in her hand and squirting it with more oil — to the point where it made a deliciously obscene squiggly noise — she began to fist my member.

I asked her to move where I could rub her tiny little bud and in just seconds the two of us were ready to explode. It happened so quickly! So we slowed down, took a break and after another glass of wine we resumed our play. It was without a doubt the most incredible foreplay that I have ever had!

continued overleaf

PHOTO·SILLIES

Cue for a break—swimsuit rules, part 3



"We there . . . just about to break . . ."



"... the only way is to use . . . a lot of bottom and a bit of side . . ."



Inserting a long ball into the bottom pocket by way of a deep screw



"... and a gentle kiss on the pink, er, I mean, tight ball . . . April Pool!"



The oil makes so many different movements and positions possible. We are able to

literally "rub" one another off. We can get ourselves to such a fevered pitch of activity that just rubbing my shaft against her oily body, or her c/lt against my leg or ass has the two of us shuddering with orgasms of unbelievable intensity.

I am so glad that I have been introduced to the wonders of oil as a part of sex and foreplay. I am also very lucky to have met a girl who takes the time to make me enjoy all these sensual pleasures.

"Dy" Cleveland, OH

Hot to Test

Dear Debbie: I would like to suck you until the sun sets in the west! You are so beautiful!

I guess you could say that I've always been a bit man and your boobs are the most amazing specimens that I have ever "laid" eyes on—and now I'd like to lay you!

Debbie I would please you every way that I know how. I would tease your fuscious little c/lt until I had you begging to ride my shif eight inches. Then I'd tease you

with just the purple knob, rubbing it around your pouting little cummy but never giving you the whole force of it. I'd want you so HD I'd like your testy juices to be running down your legs, in anticipation of a wonderful fucking.

You'd be so lubed up, and then when you want me to fuck you fast and furious, I'd make you wait just a little longer by entering your hungry tunnel really slowly and then withdrawing completely before I thrust again. For the first time while I wouldn't establish a kind of rhythm and this drives women crazy.

I get them hot and wanting and then I continue to tease for a little bit longer, never letting them guess when I'll next thrust my aching member into their hot chambers. This feeling of incredible anticipation can be increased even more by asking the beautiful little lady of promise to keep her eyes closed.

This way she never knows what I'm going to do next, and I promise it'd be worth the wait!

Then I would mount you. As I thrust I would play with your clt or suck one of those gorgeous nipples to bring you to a screaming climax!

How does it sound Debbie?

"Tit Man"

Chicago, IL

Oooh, Lovely!—hugs Debbie

FEELS ON REELS

CHEATING

Starring: Neve Hartley, Jeanette Fife, Tom Bryan, Ran Jeremy, Patti Patti, Elle Rio, Angel Kelly, Keshia, Paul Thomas, and Billy Dee. Produced by Scandinavian Erotic Video. Directed by Stuart Canterbury.

Cheating costs Tom Bryan and Ran Jeremy as likable, but sleazy con artists who find out that crime may pay, but screw-

ing around doesn't. The boys are out to con a wealthy, decadent card shark named Montgomery, out of his gambling stash, with the help of his latino maid, blow-job happy Elle Rio, who's supposed to distract the wealthy gambler with her tawdry tongue at the crucial moment.

Though it gets off to a slow start, *Cheating* is a real fuckfeast with lots of your favorite stars doing what they do best.

All in all *Cheating* is solid entertainment with something to satisfy nearly everyone.

RATING: 3



SWINGERS OF THE MONTH

The juiciest and hottest of the nonprofessionals, once again bare their souls, and other parts, just for you!



Sir, My boyfriend took these pictures. He says I have the hottest snatch he has ever seen and he's always on at me to share it because he says it gives him a skin rash when he goes down on me. I love him going down on me best of all. I come until his chin is dripping with my pussy juice.

"Stubbley", Chicago, IL





Wouldn't you guys give a lot to have a gal like mine? I read in all the magazines about guys who want to know how to persuade their women to shave their pubes. Well I didn't have to do any persuading. I just said "I like it", and this is the result! I think that's really great and I do appreciate it. Especially



SWINGERS OF THE MONTH



when I suggested — kind of jokingly — that I'd like a photograph of her to send to Club. And she said, "sure!"
In these times a lot of people feel the fun might be going out of free sex. But where I live we're still swinging.

"Happy," St Paul, MN



Here's one for my husband who is at present serving in the Philippines. I know he reads your magazine out there and I hate to think of him getting horny over some other girl. So, to keep the home fires burning, here's what you're missing until you get back home next fall!
And do let me know what your buddies think of me — the nice bits anyway! But don't you dare tell any one of them who I am! And keep away from that girl I know you're after! O.K.

"Waring," San Diego, CA



continued from page 7

when I like to sneak a peek too!

Dear Marilys: I've been living with a woman now for almost five years. We're both in our late twenties and we're pretty active, sexually. I love her very much and she's pretty good in the sack, but the problem I have is that nobody ever told her what a sensitive and delicate organ the penis is! During foreplay, instead of stroking my cock nice and slow, she grips it and tugs on it, like it was made of leather, so that when I wake up in the morning, my foreskin is sore and often swollen. Worse still, when I'm thrusting her, she reaches down and slips a finger or two inside her pussy, it feels nice,

slipping my cock in alongside her wet fingers, but again, come morning, I go to the bathroom and find myself covered with little marks and scratches, which often take a couple of days to heal.

Any advice from my favorite porno lady on how to curb my girl's tiger-like lust would be more than welcome.

"Hurting"
Baltimore, MD

You could ask her to get on her hands, remove her wet gloves, or buy her a vibrator she could put in her hot little hands while you're pumping her. But most of all I'd be sure to mention it fairly strongly. I know how it is to get all hot and crazy in the throes of passion, and sometimes it's easy to forget about being gentle. But all it takes is a little reminder, in a tactful manner, and I get the hint. As far as her sticking her fingers up her snatch at the same time your cock is there, suggest that she trim her nails or just omit this procedure from your sex games. Be honest with her -- it hurts and you don't like it! Remind her that if she wants to get laid often, like every day, she'll have to be more concerned with your feelings, because it takes two to three days for wounds to heal! I'm sure she'll be very understanding, and will come down to earth a bit if she realizes she's hurting you! *W*

FEELS ON REELS

DIRTY BLONDES

Starring Blonde Beauty Skyler, Frank James, Sheena Home, Penny Morgan, Don Fernando, Marc Wallace, Tony Montana, Ron Jeremy, and Bunny Bleu. Produced by Jimmy Houston. Directed by Ron Jeremy.

Is it true blondes have more fun? At least in *Dirty Blondes* they do. This raunchy video, brings together a slew of fuck-happy flaxen floozies for a non-stop cavalcade of pussy and platinum, including Blond, Bunny Bleu and top heavy Penny Morgan.

Taut and lewdy, *Dirty Blondes* is a treat.

RATING: 4



COMMUNICATION

continued from page 6

Too Much

Sir: Please tell Amber that I am hers forever. The photo set of your beautiful body spread over that red Chevy has had me pumping the juice out of my prick for two weeks now.

The set was so glossy the sheen on your lips, the reflection in the glass, your red shirley sequined spike heels. Everything had that "wet look" that really turns me on something fierce.

You were brazenly bent over the hood, your little curvies just begging to be fucked from behind. The colors looked great against your own coloring.

You have a very innocent appeal—a naughty girl look that says "come and get me baby. I'll tease you but I'll please you."

The test shot was too much for my poor cock to hold back. You are in the front seat of the car your feet tucked up under you on the red upholstery. Your tits are

peeking out from your vest and your lightning red nails are opening you glistening pussy for me as you dare me to give it to you.

Amber, it's this shot that makes me shoot my load every time.

"Amberlund"
Houston, TX.

Hay Ride

Sir, I recently had to make a bizarre journey the purpose of which was to pick up a puppy in a small town where this particular type of dog was bred. Little did I realize that I would meet the ultimate girl of my dreams: a blonde bomb shell who made Bo Derek look like a 3.5 from the Russian judge. Next to this beauty, I really felt like Dudley Moore!

I arrived to collect my Lurcher and found myself leching after the Lurcher's feeder. The best thing on my mind was the dog.

This woman was special. She

continued on page 18

FEELS ON REELS

GINGER AND SPICE

Starring: Ginger Lynn, Barbara Dare, Jamie Gellis, Joey Silvera, Peter North, Los Angeles, Herchel Savage and Krista Lane. Produced by Paul Thomas. Directed by Henn Pachard.

This sexy video production finds the ever delectable Ginger Lynn doubling as a sultry radio sex therapist and a happy, horny hooker who specializes in making her johns' erotic fantasies come to life, lusty life.

While all this action is going on, station manager Barbara Dare has secretly hired a private eye to discover exactly who the mysterious hooker actually is, so she can make a date with her!

Filled with plenty of hot sex action despite some awkward dialogue, *Ginger and Spice* is very tasty.

RATING: 4





Photographs by Andrea Marenda

BRRM...BRRM! PORSCHE 'N' CHEERS

*A car to keep even the wealthiest
customer happy, the 930 Turbo "Flachbau"
Porsche. Described by Michael Cotton*

Every masterpiece spawns a breed of copiers. Rembrandt would agree with that, if he were around today. In the automotive world, though, a master has had to follow a trend established by irreverent styling houses, and we speak of Porsche, the German sports-car manufacturer, which has introduced the 930 Turbo "Flachbau" as a series production version.

The Turbo model was launched back in 1974, and although only 400 needed to be made for homologation, so that the factory could go auto racing. Dr. Ernst Fuhrmann, then company chairman, judged the public mood correctly and made it a highly equipped, luxurious behemoth.

Right away Porsche was manufacturing at least 1,000 Turbos a year, sometimes 2,000, and the Turbo wasn't exactly exclusive any more.

Enter the specialty stylists, companies like b+b, Prodrive Porsche, VIP, Rinspeed, Koenig and a lot more. Almost unanimously they cut out those frog-eye headlamps, a Porsche trademark, widened the fenders and the wheels, and generally gave the Turbo a sleeker, more aggressive appearance in the image of the type 935 racer.

The turbocharged, six-cylinder "boxer" engine was attended to as well, some tuners offering more than 400 horsepower in place of the standard 300, and Porsche's

163 mph flag-ship model began to look a little pedestrian by the standards of the 1980s.

Was Porsche going to be caught napping? Hell, no! At the Works I building in Zuffenhausen, Rolf Sprenger's Customer Department geared up to make two "Flachbau" (flat-front) models every three weeks, the first for the Saudi magrute Mansour Ojeh, backer of the McLaren Grand Prix team. It was Ojeh's Techniques Avance Garde (TAG) company that paid Porsche to develop the world championship-winning Formula 1 engine so he deserved, and received, special attention.

The Ojeh Porsche Turbo, as it's known, has all the trimmings: the pop-up headlamps, wider fenders, air intakes for the rear disc brakes, a walnut-trimmed dash, full leather upholstery, and

an engine tuned up to 380 horsepower. Its price—a reported \$250,000.

Recently the Porsche factory put the "Flachbau" into volume production, though the chances of one owner driving past another, except at a Porsche Parade, are slight. Volume, in this case, means just 250 special versions a year, 200 for the States and 50 for other world markets. If you want one, speak nicely to your local dealer and push \$85,000 across his desk, together with the waiting list.

The "Flachbau" Turbo is made at the Rüsselsheim factory, right across the street from the main production plant, alongside the 959. That's the ultimate model, and plans to sell it in this country were withdrawn when they worked out the cost of certifying it for sale. We have the Flachbau instead, and it should be enough.



COMMUNICATION

continued from page 15

had straight shoulder-length hair, a fair complexion that was reminiscent of strawberries and cream, long firm legs that seemed to disappear into her ampie, and a butt that had obviously seen the back of a lot of horses. Her two-tone rubber boots, could not conceal what I imagined would be very long, slim, beautiful feet and I determined to find out as much about this beauty as I could. My pussy could go to the dogs for the time being.

I was pleased to note that my presence had not been ignored. As she led me into the kennels I could feel her watching me, taking in every inch of my body including the 6-inch trouser snake that was now unfurling in my pant leg. It came as no surprise therefore when she brushed my now rigid manhood almost daring me to discover what she had on offer.

As we entered the first of the straw-laden kennels I simply had to reach out and cup her full yet firm and milky breasts. Her nipples stood out like the starter buttons on my jeep. They were an angry red and cried out to be sucked. I slowly lowered my head and took her swollen buds into my mouth. The circular motions of my tongue causing her to moan with delight and anticipation.

By this time her hungry hands were caressing my chiseled pectoral muscles. In a surprise move she grabbed a handful of my dark hair pulled back my head and rubbed and kissed her way down to my aching member. To my relief, she released my suffocating foot and damn tasted the kiss of life with moist wet lips that had me near to orgasm within moments.

I had to regain control before I

shot my load, so I lowered her to the straw and gently removed her clothing. I was right, her lily-white feet were very elegant and I sucked each and every toe with a hunger that came from the depths of my aching groin. I pulled her tight jeans off and gently kissed the insides of her thighs before pulling aside her panties to taste her sweet wetness. I licked her musky box until she was gagging for me to quench her desires by mounting her and removing her. I rubbed the purple knob of my



"Sure was a mistake to ask the Lone Ranger to cross your palm with silver!"

glowering weapon against her swollen pulsing pussy lips, nudging and teasing her until her taut body thrashed beneath me aching for me to invade her hot slippery chamber.

Then with one powerful thrust, my rigid foot entered her lustful body and we bucked furiously, completely engulged in the heat of the moment. Her pussy was tight and warm and seemed to be attempting to suck the jam from my swollen nuts. Just as I was on the verge of cumming she pulled away, her love juice trickling from

continued on page 98

to keep the wealthiest customers happy for a while.

There are no plastic parts to be found in this model. Craftsmen cut, weld and jig new body parts as required, all made of double sided galvanized steel, like the rest of the product, and carrying the normal 10-year anti-rust warranty. The headlamps are motorized like those in the 944 and new driving lamps are incorporated in the deep spoiler across the front.

The bumpers are massively fared to accommodate new wheels, 7J x 16 at the front with 205/55 tires and 9J x 16 with 245/45 tires at the rear, and the sills are pulled out to fill the gaps between the arches. Those wheels incidentally are Fuchs-style forged aluminum type beloved by Porsche owners, can be supplied with matt black centers or fully polished, with the appearance of chrome. Another no-cost option is a limited slip differential.

The engine's power is raised by 10 per cent to 330 bhp, by fitting higher-profile camshafts, a larger KKK turbocharger and a bigger air charge intercooler. By Porsche's standards that's a modest increase, since the basically similar production-derived motor in Audi's champion ship-winning 962 can deliver 700 bhp

with incredible ease.

On the road this model has amazing performance, blasting towards the horizon in one long surge of power. It takes a while to become accustomed to the drooping nose, since customers short in stature use those stock up headlamps for aiming at the apexes of curves, but it does wonders for the drag factor and that's important towards the terminal speed.

From standstill 100 mph is reached in 12 seconds, 140 mph in less than 30 seconds, and such is the massive torque in the 3.3-liter engine that the provision of merely four forward gears is never likely to embarrass the owner. Future developments, however, will include a twin-turbo engine and a six-speed gearbox, and then Porsche customers may look for speeds in excess of 180 mph. All you need then is your own airstrip to play on! **BZ**



FEELS ON REELS

HYAPATIA LEE'S SEXY

Starring Hyapatia Lee, Blondi, Tony Montana, Scott Irish, Joey Schvez, Ebony Ayers, Billy Dee, Jon Martin, and Jerry Butler. Directed by Bud Lee.

Cocksucker Hyapatia Lee returns to the Blue Screen in this lawdy tale of a sex therapist and her kinky patients.

One patient, a virgin Scott Irish shows up and Melissa gets him nice and relaxed with a blow job, then pops his cherry. Premature ejaculator Jerry Butler arrives for a mutual masturbation session, which becomes very interesting and Shana McCullough, checks in for her regular ckt fucking lesson.

Sexy is a non-stop sexathon that features Hyapatia at her bewdy and sexual best!

RATING: 5





PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID FOR

POUND STRETCHER





Really makes you

think, doesn't it? Here we have a recent opinion poll showing that the large majority of us men like the women to have a bit of flesh about them. Not so much fat, you understand, as comfortable,

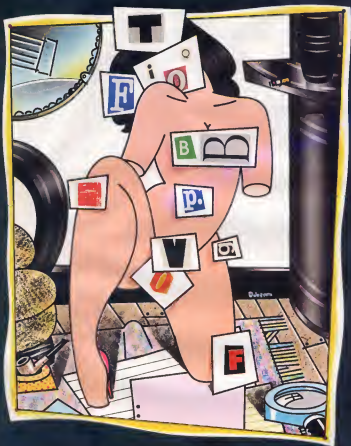
wobbly soft skin.

So there's that, which if you can predict who will be

President thru opinion polls, must stand for something! And then there's the women - all of them going to aerobics classes, pumping iron and trying to look

like the young Marlon Haggler.

Which seeing women are mostly in the business of attracting men seems to show that someone's being conned somewhere! ☺



Script E A S E

Graphology reveals a person's character. Strip graphology let's you strip a girl stark

naked! Now you can be sure your lady boss has one tit bigger than the other and shaves her pussy!

Should take the edge of her knowing that, we would think . . . By Tym Manley

Yes, it's true! Now, by simply studying her handwriting you can strip a lady bare in your mind's eye. Or even, by the use of tracing paper, draw an accurate portrait of her nude.

Graphology: Graphology is, of course, the study of handwriting. It has two uses. It can tell you whether a signature is genuine or a forgery or written under duress. This form is used by the police and is highly scientific and accurate. The second use is to deduce character and attitude and even to predict disease. (That broken upper loop may show a shaky heart.) This form derives its respectability from the fact, but it's really kind of hot or moss, having been in common with astrology than science. Yet it works! At least many big firms spend thousands having their staff graphologized.

Strip Graphology: The weakness of proper graphology is that, although it purports to tell you if someone is impatient or has weak legs, it cannot tell you their sex! Or more important the size of their tits! This impressed itself on the inventor of Strip Graphology, the eminent graphologist.

Finding himself in bed with one lady - who wrote saying she was a 44-24 36 blonde nymphette, but who turned out to be the transsexual truck driver of a pal - Hans naturally felt a bit of a jerk.

He devoted the rest of his life to the science of Strip Graphology. Using this new science you can tell if a girl is beautiful, the size of her breasts, their shape, her pubic hairstyle and the location of her clitoris (and this last is a service which many women will be grateful for).

How Accurate is S.G.? Being based on the twisted principles of graphology it is every bit as accurate as that. Like all these pseudo sciences, though, Strip Graphology comes with a simple caveat: It must be used correctly. The results can be affected by your own optimism or pessimism. It is quite possible to create a busty blonde from any old writing if you want one enough. So, if it doesn't work, it's your own fault!

How to use S.G.: The handwriting analysis which follows will tell you the shape and size of every important part of your female correspondent's anatomy. You can use it to imagine her, or, taking a suitably filthy imagination, trace the outline in our illustration and draw on the appropriate bits. Perfect breasts and so on can

be traced from Club. For ugly bits you will have to purchase our so-called competitors like ***** or ***** (Sorry, but we don't print girls with tits like phlegm hanging against a wall. The competition does that.)

GENERAL PRINCIPLES

A Check on Sex: First and foremost, to avoid the Drs. dilemma, check if your unknown correspondent is indeed a woman. The inventor says: "It is ridiculous for graphologists to say they cannot tell a writer's sex! A woman leaves the marks of her sexuality all over the place (and not only when she's forgotten to wear her panties)." A quote which gives you a good idea of the doctor's filthy mind!

The Female Line: A woman, he argues, loves to lie down and have her man lie on top of her. This shows in her writing. She leaves space above her written line and makes it more comfortable for her man by using rounded, upward strokes (known as ascenders). Obviously a spiky **d** in the groin would put any man off. This is the writing of a sexually active woman.

(This fact is vouched for by her husband and 15 of his best friends.)

1

OK Sugarpie

A COMFORTABLE FEMALE LINE

You will notice that the lines of female writing often rise, as her hips will, to meet the thrusts of a lover. Often the down strokes (descenders) will penetrate the upper part of the line beneath. This indicates a sexually orientated woman. This is from the writing of a truly dirty lady.

2

*Get phony do being a brother
up to the party*

A TRULY DIRTY LADY

Female Letters: The loving act of opening her thighs to her lover is deeply significant to a

woman. This is shown in the make up of female letters. The capitals, particularly, give a clue as they show not only the sex of the writer, but the desire she has for a man. The wider the spread, the greater her desire. (See example 1a), below.)

Women who like men can rarely refrain from picturing the penis in their letters (see example 1b), below. But beware: this is also true of passive homosexuals and should be considered in the light of other evidence!

The sexually active woman will also include pictures of her vulva in her writing, especially when writing to a man (see 1c), below. Example 1d is the capital **X** of an over-sexed woman. And one who lacks subtlety!

3

A *A B C D*

B *i a b o u*

C *Yes if you can*

D *X*

TYPICAL FEMALE LETTERS

This capital **I** is typically female. Known as the "Tampon **I**", it invites caution!

4

if it did fit!

WARNING SIGNS

Beyond we look further, is this woman someone you want to know? The following examples are typical signs of women who will not want to reply to, let alone meet

Example (a) – The Ball Crusher: The down strokes of the **g**, the **p** and the **f**, which slope contrary to the general slope of the writing show sexual unfulfilment, perhaps frigidity. The accentuated clitoris on the **e** suggests perversity, and the whoop moil in her flourishes suggests she wants to take it all out on YOU!

Example (b) – The Lesbian: Very frequent, almost studied, use of female symbols suggests a woman who fantasises about the female body. Do not confuse this with the occasional and natural offering of the female organ shown by the story women which we discussed above.

Example (c) – The Plug Ugly: Poor thing, she'll end up married to an editor!



The final example is the typical, mundane writing of whom we least wish to go to bed with.



IS SHE PRETTY?

Once you're sure the writer is a woman, this is the first thing you'll want to know. It's not easy. Facial characteristics are so small that it is impossible to draw an exact portrait, and female beauty is, anyway, a matter of opinion. But it is simple to deduce whether SHE THINKS she is pretty! A good guide, as, most likely, male praise gave her that opinion.

First examine the signature. Is it larger than the text? If it is, she is a girl who likes to draw attention to herself. A right slope with generous loops and as suggests a girl who is satisfied with her physical attraction. An absurdly large signature suggests an exhibitionist. An extremely ornate form of letters, particularly capitals, suggests that she has to elaborate her beauty – she is probably all right when made up, but a dog in the morning.

Next examine the placing of the signature. If it is close to the text she is so ugly she wants to hide, if too far away nobody is good enough for her. Now you've found out if she thinks she's pretty, there's another question to be answered. Is she right?

Examine her capital: Is a simple stroke suggests a realistic approach but an ornamented letter suggests a liar who dreams she is beautiful and pretends she is, but who knows deep down she is not.

The following examples should make this point clear.



IS SHE PRETTY?

a) Yes, she is b) No, she's not

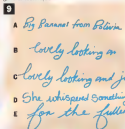
The Figure: You can run a quick, superficial check on her figure by examining the symmetry

of the writing. Graphology devices writing into three zones.



THE GRAPHOLOGENOUS ZONES

Pay special attention to her capitals. They are the face that the writer wishes to present to the world. Women are very conscious of their figures and will reflect them particularly in their capitals. A capital **B** for example, with emphasis in the upper zone, betrays pride in a good pair of breasts. A woman with small breasts will brush over the upper zone of the **B**, but may emphasize the lower loop, showing pride in a good behind. The following examples show the general technique.

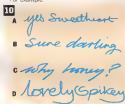


THE SHAPE SHE'S IN

a) Big tits b) Small tits, nice ass c) Nice legs d) Very tidy e) Pregnant f) Drunk!

Hair Colour: There is some argument about whether hair color can be assessed from handwriting. The slope of the writing seems to have some bearing. The cool blonde tends to write with an upgrill hand, the brunette with a natural right hand slope and the redhead with a more pronounced slope.

Similarly the crossing of the **t**s and dotting of the **i**s give some clue. For example:



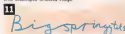
HAIR COLOUR – NATURAL

a) Probably a blonde b) Probably a brunette c) Redhead (or brunette in foul temper) d) Hair dyed and teased (by an amateur)

Women are fixated on the size and shape of their tits and this is fully reflected in the style of their writing. There are a number of different

signs to look out for.

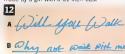
The Space Between the Words: You must realize that a pair of tits is VERY springy! When a woman brings her hand to the left margin to start writing, her tits bunch up and spring out to push her hand to the right! This shows on the left side of the page. A woman with very big tits finds it difficult to combat the pressure and so the spaces between letters and words are large on the left, lessening as the hand moves across the page. Am I making myself clear? No? Then this example should help:



SPRINGY KNOCKERS

Her Exact Size? We have already noted the importance of capital letters, particularly those like the **P** and **B** with loops in the upper zone. There is another letter which will do more than indicate dimensions, it will tell you the exact size to the nearest half inch! This is the letter **W**. Look again at the zones (panel B, above). You will see that we have areas corresponding to the breasts, waist and hips. A woman with big tits will make deep **W**s which drop below the waist line. A woman with small ones will leave her **W**s above, and the satisfactory pair will just reach the line.

It has been discovered that this waist line indicates a norm of 34 ins. Thus by judging the percentage of the letter above or below the line you can judge the exact size. A **W** which is 50 per cent below the line, for example will be made by a girl with a 51-inch bust!



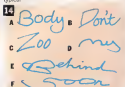
BUST SIZES

a) A far set (38-inch C cup) b) Needs a silicone job. There is one form of **W** of which you should be wary:



This girl has three tits!

Shape: The shape of breasts will be discovered in the upper zone loops, both in lower case letters and capitals. The following are typical:



BREAST SHAPE

a) is the round type, b) the conical, c) the pointed type, d) the droopy, and e) hangs like a plume on a wall. A girl who makes an 'a' like example f) has such long, thin tits she can lean them over her shoulders.

Extremely big tits can always be deduced by studying the lower margin of a piece of writing. This is a typical example:



Here they are so big she has had to write AROUND them.

Nipples: Nipple size can be deduced from the circles within the circle of an 'G' etc. A girl who dots her 'I's with a circle is proud of her prominent nipples, a girl who forgets to dot them at all has inverted nipples!

The positions of the nipples can be deduced from the same source. In the example: a) is high and compact, b) medium and conical, and c) huge!



NIPPLES

The Public Region: The appearance of the pubic hair is shown by the depth of the 'V' or 'W'. Below are examples of different pubic hair styles.



PUBIC HAIR: STYLES

1) Shows a medium growth of straight hair. 2) Shows a lot of curly hair. A small 'v' like 3) indicates a small amount of straight hair, while in 4) a 'V' going below the line suggests a tuft covering the vulva. The type of 'V' shown in 5) is proof of pubes, which stop above the vulva, which can clearly be seen in the standing position. Sparse growths of hair show in letter formations like 6). In which the labia can be seen between the legs. A woman who makes these letters is conscious of her lack of covering. A small 'w' such as 7) indicates a shaven pubis.

Handwriting can also reveal the position of the vagina and its appearance.

In the following examples: 1) Shows a near vagina. 2) This girl knows that her vagina is set well forward and is always visible. 3) This girl has very protruding labia minora. She is aware of it and the heavy line closing the 'A' shows that she is determined to keep it covered up. 4) This girl is very sexy - her labia are usually slightly

swollen and open. 5) This girl spends too much time looking from between her legs, at her own pussy - in the mirror! 6) The more 'Y', the girl wants it badly. She usually uses this 'Y' to write 'Yes' (Or possibly 'Yeuch')!



VULVA

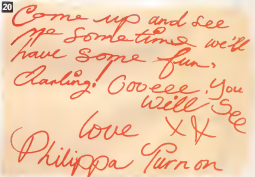
Will She? You are now in possession of enough information to go ahead and start undressing any girl who dares write to you. But before I go on to give a sample analysis, you are probably wondering how to find out whether she will, what she will and will she do it well? We have little space left but here are some pointers.

In general a girl who WILL writes with a slight right-hand slant. Her small 'a's and 'e's will tend to be open, and long descenders show a healthy sexual appetite.

Of course, you may not be looking for a healthy sexual appetite. You may be after something like this:



A big, fitted, round-bottomed blonde who thinks of nothing but sex? To find if she is easy, look at the final letter of each word, particularly the 'e'. If it is smaller than the rest, she gives in easily. Similarly, loops in stems of 'd's and 'b's means she goes for fellatio.



SAMPLE FOR ANALYSIS

THE FINAL ANALYSIS

You can now get back to using your imagination or tracing paper. Feel at liberty to use the general principles set out above to modify the few types we have been able to provide. The final example (below) will be analysed systematically to show you the proper steps.

First impressions: A look at the capitals suggests a woman who is sexually aware. The line is matter of fact and the signature is placed at a distance from the text which shows confidence in her attractions - although she is a novice and busy.

The well-filled and firm strokes indicate a girl in her late 20s - the letters are not embellished, except for the 'f' which has special significance. She is not, therefore, a girl to spend a great deal of trouble on her appearance. There are no loops in the stems of the 'p's and 'd's which preclude great response to fellatio, while the generous small letters suggest an easy, talkative nature. Note that the 'a's require further analysis.

Details: Tessa is a redhead, witness the right slant! 'b's and general fast passionate style of the writing. She has average breasts, about 33b's, which are of the conical shape. The elaboration of the 'f' and capitals suggests she is proud of her top-filled shape. Her stomach is flat, her hips slim and her hairy small and firm. This handwriting gives a figure of about 33-22-34.

Both the capital and small 'w's indicate a sparse growth of pubic hair and full visible labia. Her pubic hair is straight and, as red heads are not usually prone to sparse growth, you may suspect it has been shaved or trimmed. The sexual symbolism of the final 'g' suggests that sex is on her mind, especially with the man she writes to. The penetration of descenders towards the lower line indicates that she is looking forward to sex - she leaves plenty of room for a man to mount her and enjoy on her beautiful breasts to advertise her charms, although this skilled 'g' suggests that intercourse is her major requirement. The shape of the capital 'V' in 'you' and the 'T' in her name are an invitation.

All in all a pleasant companion who is interested in making love with the man she addresses. Not a raving sexpot, but if you want my advice - accept. Unless huge nipples turn you off, of course!!

IT'S OBVIOUS WHO THE AUNT AGENTS WOULD PREFER TO TAKE THEIR PULSES, THEIR BONERS
CERTAINLY ATTEST TO THAT. THEY AWAIT BREATHLESSLY... WILL IT BE THE OLD DOCTOR, OR WILL IT BE-

the
HAPPY
ENDING
CAPER

THE WOMAN FROM AUNT

HOW 'BOUT THAT, DOC... YOU'RE
PULSE IS RACING TOO.

WHEREVER THERE'S A BIG DICK
SIZZLE WILL ALWAYS FIND IT.

I WISH
SHE'D FIND
MINE MORE
OFTEN.

BULLETIN BOARD
AUNT
PHYSICAL
TODAY
ALL AGENTS
MUST STOP



SIZZLE IS HAVING PROBLEMS AT AUNT HEADQUARTERS

WHAT ON EARTH IS WRONG WITH ME? I'M NOT
LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS
THE WAY I ALWAYS DO.



C'MON, SIZZLE,
SHOW A LITTLE
ENTHUSIASM

YAWN-N-N... I'D
BETTER SEE A...
YAWN-N-N... SHRINK
ABOUT THIS.



SIZZLE SEES PSYCHIATRIST LUIGI LOTTACAP

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE WRONG WITH YOU?

I DON'T GET A KICK OUT OF SEX ANYMORE
TODAY'S MY LUCKY DAY



ALL I HAVE TO DO IS RAISE YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS
AND GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR INNER SELF.

PSYCHIATRIST
LUIGI LOTTACAP

YOU PHONY! ALL YOU'RE
GETTING IN TOUCH WITH
ARE MY BOOBS!



HO-HUM, I'M SO UTTERLY BORED... AND WHEN I THINK
HOW THIS SORT OF THING WOULD DRIVE ME BANANAS
IN THE PAST... HE'S DOING ME
NO GOOD.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, 18
INCHES OF LIMBER COCK
HERS FOR THE ASKIN',
BUT SHE AIN'T
ASKIN'.



THAT NIGHT

WHAT A FUCKIN' FIASCO THAT WAS... SAY
THIS DEBBIE SASS SEEMS GOOD AT
SOLVING HER READERS' FUCKIN' AND
SUCKIN' PROBLEMS, PERHAPS SHE COULD
SOLVE MINE.



SIZZLE CONTACTS DEBBIE SASS AND A
MEETING IS ARRANGED.

MISS SASS, I WORK FOR A BUNCH OF
FREEDOM FIGHTERS WHO ARE CONSTANTLY
BANGING THE SHIT OUTTA ME. I USED TO
ENJOY IT, BUT NOW I DON'T... MY GOODNESS,
YOUR BOOBS ARE AS BIG AS MINE.



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N-NO I DON'T, BUT PLEASE DON'T STOP!



WELL SINCE AS YOU SAY YOU'RE NOT ENJOYING THIS, MY ADVICE IS THAT YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF YOUR MAD, SEXUAL WORLD AND SETTLE DOWN WITH ONE GUY. ANY PROSPECTS?

MY CHIEF IS BANANAS OVER ME... PERHAPS?



AT AUNT HEADQUARTERS...

CHIEFY, RATHER THAN OUR HAVING SEX IN THE OFFICE, ON OCCASION, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME HOME AND FIND ME IN BED IN BLACK STOCKINGS AND HIGH HEELS, EAGER FOR YOUR BIG, FAT COCK?

IT'S BEEN A LONG-TIME DREAM

WELL THEN, LET'S GET MARRIED!

I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK.

THIS IS A DISASTER!

TOUHT?



SO SIZZLE RESIGNS. SHE AND CHIEF WALK OFF INTO THE SUNSET, AND WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE GARBAGE MEN, MILKMAN, SUPER, PLUMBER, BUTCHER, BAKER AND CANDLESTICK MAKER, SHE REMAINS TRUE TO HIM FOREVER MORE



DON'T WORRY CLUBBANS, NEXT MONTH WE START THE ADVENTURES OF DEBBIE BASS, A JUG JIGGLING STRIP FEATURING THE GIRL WHO SOLVES OUR HORNY READERS' SEX PROBLEMS. WOW!...



Seka & Ginger

© PEARL PRODUCTIONS PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL







Sometimes you write so many letters we just have to move 'em and fill the request in three weeks rather than our usual six months. And that's how it was when you asked to see Seka and Ginger Lynn together! The wires



glowed between the East and West coast, an entire photo-layout got dumped, and here they are. Beautiful? Not so sure about the Mercedes mind you. What's wrong with Detroit? But, you know how it is, they're calling the Mercedes the L. A. Cadillac now! Can't see Seka going for it much either. A patnolic lady to her fingertips is Seka. 52







W *The* **Weapons** *of* **W A R**

Part XXII: The Spetznatz Mission. Half crouching, the fourteen heavily armed men began to silently lope towards their target.

Threading an ancient Bell and Howell film projector while wearing Arctic mittens is no joke Ted was trying it. OK he'd screwed up but he was a technician — he could make this museum piece work. He'd arranged for the copy of *Flying Saucers* to be shipped up here that mail order movie company. It was to be the focal point of the Nanyak Tent's Laurel and Hardy Appreciation Society's

fun and games night.

There was an old projector on the base along with a clump of worn out colts used which had already seen service entertaining several generations of US servicemen. Nobody had been near it since the first video recorders had been shipped in eight years back. Then came the satellite dish and here, on Nanyak Island a bare hundred

nautical miles south of the Arctic Circle, this little merry band of computer radar operators could tune into NBC or CBS any time they liked. They could even get Soviet television, not that anyone found the Moscow T.V. riveting viewing.

No, tonight was the Nanyak Sons of the Desert innuendo night. They would do it right. Put on the wing collars and bow ties,



brush off the obligatory lezzes and settle down to watch one of our heroes' classics. If it meant cranking up the heating, setting up the hand chairs and making this goddamned projector work, then so be it.

Nanyak was an island in the Aleutian chain. Three hundred square miles of volcanic rock.

Ted was on his second tour at Nanyak. He was a civilian, a systems man. The Government made him an offer he couldn't refuse. Hell they would have had to, to make him give up his little piece of California, kiss his wife goodbye and come and work up here. (But Ted liked it.)

He liked the guys, the twenty or so young civilian electronics experts the government had specially selected for this special job. He liked the comforts that Uncle Sam had shipped in to keep him bearable. He'd made friends in the small US Marine garrison at Point Barrow, ten miles down the road that had been scorched out of the volcanic dirt forty years ago when Nanyak was in the front line of the Pacific War. He liked the

work, putting together the ultra-sophisticated ground monitoring station which could read the telemetry from a Soviet missile test. It was a Superbowl score.

Ted was especially proud of his piece of the action. Back in California he'd written the software for Mandarin Amethyst, the supersecret system that could track and translate Soviet missile telemetry whether they were encrypted or not. Every time the State Department accused the Soviets of linking on arms treaties by pulling the long range signals from their test missiles into code, Ted laughed up his sleeve. The Director of the US Defense Intelligence Agency had them on his fax machine, routed via the Combined Space Operations Center in Denver: even before the Soviet missile had impacted into the Pacific. They knew the throw-weight, range, accuracy, circular error of probability, the works. Ted's team had been on Alert State One for seventy-two hours. They had all seen it coming, an impasse in the arms control talks at Geneva, accusations flying

about violations of the SALT-2 Treaty, imminent intelligence indications of a major new Soviet new ICBM test launch. Nanyak was about to earn its keep. Then had come the standdown order from CSOC, just three hours ago, satellite reconnaissance had shown an empty launch pad at Irkutsk Korova. Oh alert, take it easy, no Russian ICBM, just some intelligence screw up. OK, everyone was tired but the Nanyak Tent could have its luncheon after all.

By six that evening Ted had the Brill and Howell humming. The tent was warm. The Beer was cold. Marine Master Sergeant Downlan had arrived early in a civilian Ford Bronco. He'd gone off for a word with Private Telles. The single Marine who had pulled guard duty for that night. Six more Marines were due later in a crew bus. Downlan had parked an M-16 on a gun rack behind the Bronco's drivers seat. He was like that.

"Expecting trouble Downlan?" Ted asked the Marine. "We're here to protect you guys, don't ever forget, if that door was kicked in

by a Russian paratrooper I can't see you college boys singing anything else but I Uncle."

It had crossed Ted's mind several times how vulnerable they were. Downlan was a girl, they were an overgrown bunch of college kids. They had had no combat training, they might be able to write brilliant software but not one of them could field strip an M-16, let alone do it while wearing arctic mittens. If a couple of street punks came by waving Saturday night specials, they could have Mandarin Amethyst.

There were fifty Marines on Nanyak, but they were at Point Barrow. That was closer. Just because a Japanese Navy Yokosuka Glen floatplane with its compass out had crashed landed there in 1942, that's where the US Navy thought the gateway to Nanyak lay.

The Soviet GRU Directorate of Special Operations knew exactly how far apart the two fifty US bases were, indeed it was crucial to their plan. A small and highly

continued on page 68

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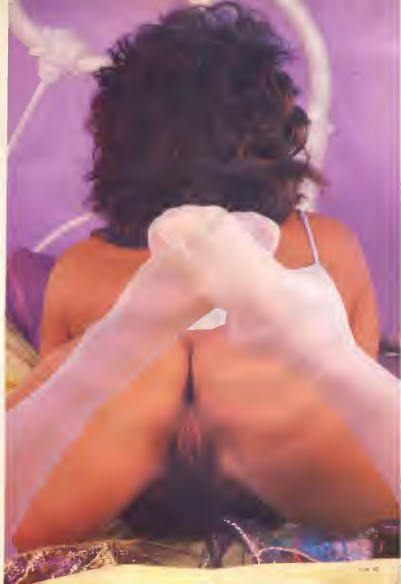
A photograph of a woman lying on her side, wearing a light blue, short-sleeved dress. Her right hand is resting on her hip, with her fingers slightly spread. She has dark hair and is looking towards the camera. The background is a soft, out-of-focus mix of purple and pink hues. The overall mood is intimate and artistic.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUPERT DAINES

Jenette

*J*ust got real pissed about
all these gals treating me like a sex
object. You know what I mean,









gigs, the way they ogle
your ass, sure up the
bulge in your pants
and declare you to be
a "thunk." Hell, I
thought this sort of





sexism was passé, so I thought I'd show them what it feels like to be a sex object and say that Jennie is a real cute hunk. ☺





club

DEATH MASK

The deal was struck. The devil had his soul . . .

but he had all the money he wanted and more, besides he had no intention

of keeping his side of the bargain. By Jack Carter

BEEP!
"Fuck you, whatey!"
BEEP!

"I'm assuming I got the wrong number, since this can't be the plumbing company. Goodbye."

Charlie let the tape run another few seconds before switching off his answering machine. What was the point of going on? His agent hadn't called.

That part in the new film he'd

been almost certain was his only a day ago now was just another pipe dream. After all the lean months, he had felt himself close to breaking.

In a way, Charlie felt almost relieved. Since coming to New York, his life had been a constant struggle to get work as an actor.

The odd jobs he took on barely paid the rent on the cold water flat in the bombed-out wasteland he

shared with illegal immigrants.

You could see the starvation lines etched in Charlie's face. The finely muscled athletic body he had come to the city with was gone forever.

He looked like death warmed over. A fucking zombie. It wasn't hard to tell why he was a laughing stock with every agent in the city.

For a long time now, Charlie had known it would come to this.



and he's known what he'd do. There was no way he was going back home to pump gas for the rest of his life.

With less than a buck in change in his pockets, Charlie's suicide options were limited to what he could damage for free. Now was the time. He would simply walk to the waterfront and jump into the river.

The streets of the city resembled a war zone more than a neighborhood.

Charlie was beginning to see double from the effects of the cheap wine as he staggered toward the waterfront. In anyone else, his obvious state of intoxication would have gotten him mugged, but the street people knew him and knew that he was fat broke. They just watched him go by, smiling as though by some sense they knew where he was going and why.

The drumbeats he'd been hearing were getting louder as he drew closer to the water. They were voodoo drums. In the city, especially in warm weather, the voodoo drums were a common sound.

Turning a corner, Charlie saw the lot from where the voodoo drums were pounding in a rhythmic, hypnotic cadence. In a haze, he staggered toward it. In the center of a circle of people, two naked women were dancing.

The drumbeats increased in tempo to a frenzied pitch. The women's nut-brown conical breasts glistened with sweat beneath the torchlight. Then they fell to the ground, moaning in climax as the invisible god fucked them with his beating cock of heavenly fire.

The circle broke up. The drums

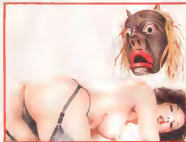
stopped. An old man sitting in a cane chair spoke to people lined up to consult him. Charlie was edged forward by the pressure of the crowd. He wound up facing the seated old man.

"You have the look of death," the bokor said to Charlie.

"A way out?"

"There is another way. The way of power. The worship of Jombe, Lord of Darkness. Become his and all is yours."

"You're full of shit," Charlie said. "Your fucking Jombe ain't worth much if he can't get you out



THEY FELL TO THE GROUND, MOANING IN CLIMAX

"What's it to you, old man?" Charlie asked. "Nothing. Nothing at all. Death is more common here than life. The question you have to ask is, what is death to you?"

of this city. The bokor laughed. "Then go, my friend. Go to your death. But first learn the power of Jombe." Suddenly the drums began beating again. A circle formed

around Charlie. A naked girl came out of the crowd and started whirling him around. He slowly tumbled to the ground. The girl proceeded to sit on his face and screw her cunt over his nose and mouth. Charlie felt a pair of warm, moist lips envelop his scrotum, cum-filled phallus. His cock exploded while his Roman candles blazed behind his eyes.

Charlie staggered back to his apartment and let himself in. He fell across his bed and nodded out.

When he awoke, his leg twitched fiercely. He looked down and saw a large black scorpion climbing up his leg. He tried to kick it away, but his fingers passed right through it. As the hours went by, the scorpions snowballed. An inner voice told Charlie that when it reached his heart, he'd be dead. Somehow, he didn't want to die anymore.

"So you are back," the bokor said. "You have witnessed the sight of Jombe." Charlie asked him to break the spell. The bokor held up a mirror. He told Charlie to look into it. When Charlie looked at his leg, the scorpion was gone.

That night, Charlie danced feverishly with the worshippers of Jombe, offering the Dark Lord his body, mind and soul. The bokor gave him a horned mask, the will of the god. Charlie was instructed to offer it libations of wine and grain, the preferred food of the god. In time, the god would grant him success. The mask was carved out of dark wood. A devil mask. It gave him a chill just to look at it as he brought it home and hung it on a wall.

Not ten minutes after Charlie had tumbled to the devil mask, the phone rang. "This is your agent," the voice on the other end said. "You got the part, kid. Sorry I took so long to call." Charlie mumbled something and let the receiver slip from his numb fingers. He stared at the devil mask. "I need some bread," he mumbled. His agent told him no problem. He'd messenger over an advance. Charlie couldn't believe his ears. He hung up. "You want my soul," he said to the mask. "You got it."

Charlie's luck had finally changed. Whether it was because of the mask or just plain because he didn't know.

On the set of the film he met a woman, a beautiful woman. She played a minor role in the movie. She had long blonde hair and jetting tits. Her ass was fine and high and hard and she had a way of talking that sent his cock into spasms. Ordinarily a girl like her wouldn't have touched a guy like Charlie. But since getting the devil mask, he couldn't lose. Overnight, he'd changed from a loser to a winner.

"This where you live?" She asked as she walked up the creaky flight of stairs to Charlie's apartment. "Far fuckin' out! I mean this is really hot!"



"Just a little more care in choosing the eyes and I wouldn't have had to make a guide dog."

continued on page 55



HIGH ROLLER

BY JENNIFER W. BROWN





Rell hard on a boy, these
times. I mean his gal throws him
over at the party and takes his car
—later to be found, with a gas tank
full of sand, way out on the
Interstate — and he has to walk
home alone.

Real frightening for the well-
brought-up Easterner, you know,
all that mist. Gets 'em real nery.
So when a big sleek English car
drives up and a beautiful driver
beckons him to come across,
what does he do? Well, if he's an











try, maybe he craps
his pants and runs for
home—that's for
sure. Hell, what would
momma say if he got
his suit creased? But if





he's a red blooded
American boy, he
can't resist. What
would the guys say? So
he goes over. Get's in
And half an hour later
he's going over again.
And 10 minutes
later he's got to do it
again. And then again.
That's the manly thing
to do and - a man's got
to do what a man's got
to do! 32





Charlie popped the cork on the bottle of Champagne. "Actually," he said, "I'm studying for a part in a bag film. Soaking up the atmosphere."

"Wow!" she said, accepting a glass.

"Yeah, me and the director are real tight," he said. Her eye caught the devil mask and she asked what it was. Charlie told her it was part of the movie, the character was into blood. She was starting to get drunk. She got down on her knees and looked at his cock. It was red and hard and wetly throbbing. Charlie hadn't had a piece of him in so long he was afraid he'd shoot his bolt in a second. With her high-powered sucking aid, he was amazed he held out a full minute before cumming a load all over her chest.

"That was just for openers," he said, guiding her to the bed. "There's a lot more where that came from."

He pulled off her black leather tinker and got down between her legs. Her cunt was as juicy as it was hot. He sank his tongue into the warm pungent crevice and started girding his nose into her clit. She screamed and told him to shove it further. She showed her tits into her mouth and sucked her own nipples and thrashed around the bed.

Charlie's cock was hard enough to drive nails. He picked her legs up and propped her calves on his shoulders while he squatted between her spread legs.

"You like this?" he asked. "You really like this?" Charlie rubbed the head of his dick into her wetly erect clit.

"Oh Jesus Do Me!" she groaned. "I Want To Be Fucked! I Want To Be Fucked So Bad!"

Holding her legs by the ankles, Charlie screwed in his shaft, knowing the sick control membrane slide past the descending head. She gasped and cried against him. They pumped each other with a savage relentlessness until he felt himself



HE SANK HIS TONGUE INTO THE WARM CREVICE

about to explode. He pulled out and jettied his cream all over her belly and tits, rocking back on his shirt and feeling the cheeks of his ass touch his heels as the seething liquid fire squirted out in long glistening streamers.

A month later, Charlie had forgotten all about wanting to commit suicide that night. He had just rented an apartment in a high rise in the good section of town with a doorman and he was pulling down big bucks.

When he'd moved away from the slums, Charlie had thought about leaving the mask behind, but decided not to chance it. After all, this shit might be for real.

His girl had been replaced by an older but far more attractive woman who - most importantly - could do a lot for Charlie's career. His agent had been ditched for a

more prominent management agency who didn't handle second raters. Charlie was a comer. He was moving up in the world and couldn't deal with anybody or anything that could hold him back. He had been a hair's breadth away from losing it all. He never wanted to go back that way again. No matter what the cost to him or anybody else.

That's why he could live with his first girl's suicide. When the phone call from the cops came, he had a bad moment or two. But it quickly passed.

On the set-a-scout from a big movie company spotted Charlie and offered to sign him for the lead in an adventure picture.

Charlie celebrated by firing two cream of the crop cigarettes to luck his brains out the night before he was to fly out. One crack was blonde the other a gorgeous redhead. The blonde had big boobs and not much brains, the redhead lean, with small tits, but a wide ass and a shaven cunt with long fleshy lips.

"Doth' you got a big cock?" The redhead cooed just before she mounted Charlie's penis. The other girl positioned herself atop his face and he began sucking her pussy like a hot, juicy fruit. They paged out on each others' tits while they bounced around on his cock and face like co-ed on a trampoline. Charlie came via long hot, hard spasm. As he recovered from his intense orgasm he noticed the devil mask on the wall. "Oh shit!" one had shrieked, "that thing gives me the shivers." Charlie slanted at the mask. The more he stared, the more he wanted to bust the mask up. "Hey, fuck you!" he screamed

at the mask. The thing seemed to laugh at him. It was mocking him silently. He hadn't noticed it before, but he did now and the laughing face passed him off to no end. "I don't need you anymore."

Before he knew it, Charlie grabbed the mask and started stomping on it. The mask splintered while the hooks laughed hysterically.

Charlie got up the next morning and was glad he'd already taken the precaution of picking his bags for the long flight. Both rent-a-cunts were gone. When he looked at the place where the mask had been, his heart skipped a beat. Then he remembered smashing it the night before.

Checking his baggage went off without a hitch, and his Boeing 747 was right on time. Charlie took a look in the first class section up front and listened to some music before takeoff.

Just to see if he still had the mojo going for him, he decided to try to fuck one of the stewardesses. He caught the eye of a black haired flight attendant who had a nice body and a passable face. When she came over and asked what kind of snack he wanted, he said her pussy.

"Anybody ever let you eat a great set of tits you got?" he said. Before she got fully, he whipped out a crisp new hundred dollar bill. The daggers in the steward's eyes turned into marshmallows.

"I gotta go binkie," he said with a wink. "Want to come along and hold a for me?"

When the lights were off for the night movie, Charlie and the stewardess took into the bathroom. He unbuttoned her blouse and stuck a voluptuous, hard nipple it into his mouth. He sucked the tit while she untied his pants. After she gave him some slow, sloppy head with plenty of tongue, he turned her around and leaned her up against the sink. There was enough room in the narrow cubicle to plowher cooze from behind.

Propping his hands on her firm round breasts, Charlie banged the flight attendant's tight sweet nookie and came all over her ass. She got dressed fast and left. He stayed behind and took a piss. Before he could put his cock away an explosion rocked the aircraft. The bottom of the toilet was torn away as a bomb detonated in the rear baggage compartment directly below it. Charlie tried clutching at the toilet bowl as the tremendous wind piped at his feet bicycling in midair. All too soon, his fingers slipped and he fell screaming to his death.

"Deemest thing I ever saw," said the local sheriff, looking up. The bowling alley was called The Red Devil. Its sign was a twenty foot high devil on wheels with two mammoth devil horns. Charlie's body had fallen so that it was impaled over both horns - right over the leering face of Jorrie. ☐



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secret teams had been set up within the Directorate to study Naryek when the intelligence officer on the Soviet negotiating team at Geneva had fed back a rebuttal indicating that the Americans were able to read all Soviet missile test telemetry – however much they might be huffing and puffing in public about encryption and breaking the rules.

So the Americans wouldn't want to admit that all the time they were shouting foul in public, they knew exactly what was going on. If Naryek could be knocked out, even better if equipment and personnel could be captured intact. It would be a prime intelligence prize, and the Americans couldn't even admit the place had ever existed!

The Tango-class submarine slipped out of Sovetskaya Gavan on the evening of April 23rd, heading north in the darkness using its detectors to run on the surface, an ordinary patrol mission by a small and comparatively insignificant conventionally powered boat. But it wasn't an ordinary patrol. Aboard the Tango were three platoons of elite naval infantry special forces, the Soviet equivalent of the US Seals or the British Special Boat Service, tough, highly motivated men, specially trained in "Spetsnaz" techniques of clandestine reconnaissance and demolition.

Within fourteen hours the Tango was off Naryek, a few miles south-east of Coldwater Base itself, the sub completely silent. The plan was a simple one, three seven-man tactical teams would go ashore in rubber boats from the sub in darkness. One would land at a point midway between Coldwater and Kasegh, moving overland in the direction of the Marine garrison. Their task was to block the dirt track road, mine and booby trap any reinforcement route. Two teams would land close to the electronic listening post itself. They would subvert any resistance, capture and remove any secret equipment and technical personnel. They would then "test trail" down the road, meeting with the road block team at a point a mile out of the Coldwater perimeter. Two Mi-8 helicopters flying in fast and low from the Soviet whaling factory ship Krivoy Nalonye lying ten miles due south of Naryek would pick them up and pull them out.

The first special operation teams hit their target beach at 17.05 precisely, sliding the heavy rubber boats noiselessly up the steep slope of pebbles into the cover of broken rocks. No one spoke, hand gestures only in the dark, with their blackened faces and matt rubber wet suits, the Soviet commandos melted into the inky blackness of the sub-polar night, each man carrying



THE SOVIET COMMANDOS MELTED INTO THE DARKNESS

specially shortened 5.45-mm AKS-74 assault rifle. Two men dragged a weapons container up to the road and began to spool out a detonation wire.

Precisely three minutes later the two Coldwater teams hit their

target beachhead.

Then too the Soviet naval commandos went into a well rehearsed routine. They formed up for a final check of their weapons before, half crouching, the fourteen heavily armed men

began to silently lope towards their target.

Private Tellos was dead before he hit the ground.

Lights to the right. A long low hut, a murmur of voices, a light flickering – could it be a mine?

The Soviet naval infantry Captain's training failed him. He was to take live prisoners, so no grenade, kick down the door and establish immediate shock value with a display of fire power.

Men in warg collars and fezzes – watching a silent movie? What the hell was this?

Sergeant Downland was not wearing a fez. If he had been the Soviet commandos wouldn't have had time to know the difference as he rolled backward through the long low huts, furthest window smashing straight through the double glazing. Downland sprinted to the Bronco, pulling the M16 from the weapons rack as he keyed the four by four into life, gunning the engine, jamming the vehicle at the hut doorway, its rectangle of light seemingly jammed with figures in white arctic survival suits.

The Bronco hit in second gear, enough impact to kill three Soviet commandos outright and leave two more screaming.

There are fifteen unmarked graves on Naryek. Eight Russians, seven Americans but neither government will admit to their existence. Ted and two of his companions died in the hut when the Soviet Captain let loose with his assault rifle but Downland got him and the rest in the space of five seconds with as many rounds squeezed off on single fire from his M-16. Three more Americans died when the Marine crew bus from Raleigh ran smack into the dirt road ambush but there was no helicopter rescue for the triumphant Russians. When Coldwater blew out the GRU Special Directorate pulled the mission – it had never happened.

The Geneva missile trials continued unbroken. □



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continued on page 77

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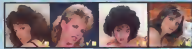
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CONTACTS

continued from page 73



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Wanted Male Navigator! To file flight plan for stewardess who is in need of direction. Send SASE and \$5 for my map.



J-502-F Colorado

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J-386-F Illinois

Ultra-attractive model turns on spreading her long legs for you. Model by mail or in person. Sample \$5 to genetics men. SASE for meeting information.



SB 14114 Islamorada, Florida

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SB 14117 Elmhurst, New York

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SB 14111 Lakewood, CO

I am Joan. I am from great legs, I love to meet men and couples for fun times. So do all my girlfriends. Will trade photos. Will answer all that send a self addressed stamped envelope.

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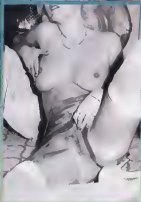
Put each of your envelopes into a larger envelope addressed to the appropriate company above. There is a \$2 charge and a loose 22¢ stamp required for each individual forwarding.

If you wish to receive the Inner Circle's Swinger's Magazine, send \$6 to its address above plus \$1 for processing and postage.

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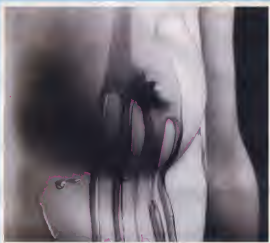


private · parts

Here it is. The real down home section.

*The part of the magazine you,
the reader, writes. Let us know your best sexual
experiences, your horniest fantasies, your
zaniest moments in the sack. Do it!*

Photographs by Jan Sussman



· obsession ·

Obsessive behavior may be a dormant characteristic which produces short periods of excessive abandon when triggered off by certain outside stimuli.

Or it may, in some people, dominate their sexuality throughout their lives.

This month: Food Orgy

John and I had been seeing each other, on and off for over six months during which time I'd been everything from his naughty night nurse to his thigh thrashing riding instructor, his oil anointed rubber dolly to his stockings and garter-clad French maid. So I was a

little disappointed when after a wonderfully uninhibited sixty-nine John mounted me from behind and came inside me within a couple of minutes of frantic fucking. The mood I was in I wanted him to ride me all night long slow and easy.

So imagine my feelings when he then turned on the light and sent me down to the kitchen to fix him something to eat. I felt truly hard done by! There was a lesson meaning pie in the fridge left over from last night's party which looked particularly inviting so I

took it out of the fridge. But as I went to put the pie on the counter I slipped on a spot of grease on the kitchen floor and fell flat on my back - still clenching the damn pie plate. I sat up cursing to find myself spattered from head to toe with sweet-tasting goo.



John came charging downstairs to see what all the noise was about, just in time to see me sitting naked on the chilly tiled floor wiping dollops of meringue from my breasts.

"Wow! How incredibly sexy!" he exclaimed standing over me and leering. I looked up and was

angrier now than flattered to see his pole standing at full mast.

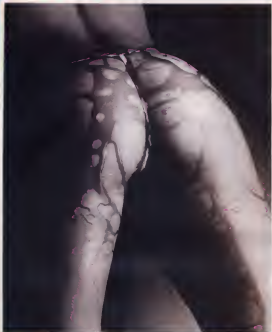
"Scream it all over your tits", he urged. "It looks absolutely amazing".

"Wouldn't you like to lick it off?" I asked opening my legs, taking a big handful of the creamy

slap and smushing it into my crotch. "When you've licked off as much as you can, you can rinse me down with champagne and start all over again. Would you like that?"

It was almost dawn when we tumbled into bed after a gloriously

debauched food fest. It was so fantastic that we decided to go to the supermarket the next day to load up on specially tantalizing items for the next evening when we had invited my very hot girlfriend for what night, with luck, turn out to be a very special and



delicious dinner party.

Halfway through dinner my girlfriend went to the fridge for another bottle of wine. Of course it was jam-packed with goodies from our afternoon shopping.

"My God you glutton!", she claimed my girlfriend as she emerged from the kitchen. "Jelly doughnuts and cream cakes for as far as the eye can see! Now come on you two!" she said. "What is all that wild food for? Surely you're not going to eat it all?"

"You really want to know?" said John in a mischievous voice. "Well my girl is into fucky-sucky with cream cheese."

"My God!" cawed my girlfriend. "Is this true?"

"You bet it is!" said John as he came out of the kitchen with a tray of fresh cream meringues. "Spread those thighs baby."

My girlfriend pushed her chair

away from the table and bucked up her black leather mini skirt.

I couldn't help myself, I was so turned on by the sight of John rubbing cream into her moist slit that I had to rub myself. I put my feet up on the table, pulled my flimsy panty crotch to one side and began to finger fuck myself vigorously.

"John, why don't you get that big tub of yogurt?" I begged. "I'd love to see her slip it over your cock and jerk you off!"

"A food orgy," squealed my girlfriend following my lead and pulling her seeping panties to one side so she could smush a meringue

hard into her sex.

I watched fascinated as my best friend jerked John's yogurt-covered dick into her mouth. I mean while had lubricated my fingers with Mocha and the tepid oil was squishing in my cunt and causing me to get ultra aroused. My girlfriend's ass looked absolutely amazing as it jiggled with the force of my boyfriend's thrusts. "You look nice enough in it," I said huskily.

"That reminds me," said John. "What about the cake?"

"The star purchase of our afternoon had been a black forest cake

It was a wonderful creation worth about \$50. It was made of cream, chocolate sponge, maraschino cherries and chocolate mousse.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked my girlfriend. "It looks much too nice to eat."

I knew exactly what I wanted to do with it.

"You two wait here," I ordered. "I'm just running up to the bedroom for a minute."

I ran upstairs and rummaged through my dresser drawers. Trembling with excitement, I finally found what I was looking for—the boots and stockings that I'd hidden away for a sleazy Saturday night surprise.

My walk downstairs to the kitchen sounded a long low whistle. With an exaggerated wobble I positioned myself beside the massive cake. John was now groaning as he fished his heavy piece of meat at the sight of his girlfriend lowering her box to meet the top of the cream creation.

My girlfriend was averted that she was no longer the belle of the ball. I'd stolen her thunder and she was none too pleased. However, she cheered up as John crushed two jelly doughnuts onto her breasts so that the jelly dripped off her stiff nipples. Soon her mouth was again full of meat, while John sharpened the cream from her crotch watching me all the time as I gazed over the winking cake.

"Oooh, it feels just incredible!" I cooed, as the cool cream came into contact with my privates. I stood up, walked across to where my girlfriend knelt blowing my boyfriend, turned my back on them and leaned forward exposing my creamy slit.

"Look her clean!" urged John. "I'd love to watch you both. I'll come over and over again, as her devastatingly efficient tongue probes my depths."

"Now you," John whispered in my girlfriend's ear. "Go on! I'm in the mood for some dessert."

She moved over to the enormous cake and stood astride it. Inch by inch she lowered her splendidly hairy pussy. However, at that precious moment the champagne and brandy hit her, and she lost her balance. Her slumpy little ass crashed through the 10 or so chocolate layers with a delightful slap.

"Well there's your dessert John," I said, as we helped the cream-covered girl to her feet.

At that point she climbed onto the dining room table, lay on her belly, and spread her legs.

"Don't forget there's a shelf full of whipped cream in the fridge," I reminded John, as I guided his prick through the mass of cream sponge into her cunt.

"Don't worry, honey," he said, as she groined with pleasure.

"The party is only just beginning, as watch out!"

Jelly dripped off her stiff nipples



one · woman's · fantasy

The great thing about fantasies is that they're really easy to make up and you can be as dirty as you like without getting into trouble and they turn everyone on. Write in and tell us yours and we'll shoot some rude pictures to go with it.

I'm the kind of girl the guys like to have "fun" with at parties. You know the kind of thing. "Spide her drink and get her alone in the upstairs bedroom." That's the kind of offer I have on guys. I'm tall, big-breasted, with an excuse of

my ex's described as "highly tickable." When I drink I become highly touchable, loud-mouthed, outrageous, even vulgar. Girls hate me, men grab me. I have a great sex life. But I'll never be truly satisfied. When

I was a sophomore at college, a bunch of guys got me loaded on aqua at an end of summer party and turned me on to the pleasure of being chased naked around a gym, having my ass flicked with wet towels. I got so excited, I knew I almost

came.

So how come at 25 years of age I still have strong erotic fantasies? I don't understand it. I really wish I could pose a party and have a really wild, unshowered scene. Sometimes when I





*Just myself? I imagine reaching off to the
hazy moon track 2 gorgeous guys.*

Naughty, I lift my shirt and show off my black silk panties. The boys shake-up their feet and squirt my crotch. My panties cling to me, totally see-thru, and I open my shirt, exposing my big, beautiful tits. The guys grab the shower head and spray them with hot water – which feels cold and my nipples harden.

I step out of my overcoat as I shoo and peel off my soaking blouse, standing there in my garter belt, soaking wet stockings, and high heels. My drawers (one black, one redhead) sit on the back room end room on the cap. I kneel on the rug on front of the guys and wash their pants. They're real hot but as getting naked

together, but when their cocks howl and they start fouling with my leg, wet fags, their combinations quickly fade. Next thing I know I'm kneeling there with this monstrous hard-on against my mouth, burning fag after fag of warm water splashed over my head. I jerk his fine cock off into my mouth, and then I clamber into the bath and lie there on 12 inches of hot water.

I'm desperate for men, but, not chicks. I want to chuck these angel-faced guys, to do something wicked to make their faces turn red. I make my hands soapy, working up a real thick lather, then, my thighs wide apart, I rub my cunt out of the sinner, spread it wide, and start finger-fucking myself, sliding over the

spectacle of my two boyfriends
clamoring out of their clothes, desperate
to get their hands on me, their huge cocks
just as hungry as I. Now I realize it would
be if they used beside the bath and jerked
off over me! Now I realize to feel the
same drops splash onto my naked crotch!

But you know what guys are like. They always start on making and poking and prodding. They're never content just to sit and watch, watch is kind of a shame, as I'm really enjoying slipping the bag over of soap all over my more... er... er... er... er...

My beautiful blonde hair is sponge, memories are the raft, then, holding it high above my crutch, through the waves and foam of *Amelanchier* and *Prunella*.

*down, the waterfall pounding my chest,
the thought of never causing my father to
shout like people*

The guys climb into the back truck and start teasing my body from head to toe. The blond guy pukes my breasts open and his pal grabs the shower hose and directs the scalding water directly on to my pussy. It feels just amazing, but then those of us in the back it's much too cramped to have real fun, so we get out and do ourselves.

Well, stiff-necked, the guys romanced through the bathroom door and find a family-size jar of face cream. My big balding goatee was from hormonal greyness, the underside of his torso was also pre-1970s, and yes, his hair was grey.

while I French-kiss with his pal, who scoops a big handful of cream from the tub and slaps it straight between my thighs. Having the joy to his friend, he starts smearing the cold cream all over my crotch, making it slippery and it's warmer than ever for attention. I thrust my crotch forward, hopefully as come to contact I with the head of his cock, but he just grins mindlessly and continues smothering my slippery cth, knowing damn well he's driving me out of my mind.

Meanwhile, on back of me, what feels like half a jar of face cream is being massaged into my butt, and I squirm ecstatically, as a prying, lubricated finger slips between them, gliding down across my little hole and lower tail, rubbing a pink cream on my grubby labia, and moving up with my other lover's finger. Inwardly, I beg my lovers to join hands, but they go one better, actually shaking hands under my crotch, extending their thumbs vertically so that one is prodding my vaginal passage and the other is rubbing against my cth.

By now I'm as slippery as an eel and itching to be fucked, not aware I'm more than capable of taking both their cocks. But I have to summon up a touch of courage to make my horny proposition.

The blond boy seems less than enthusiastic about having it so daring dick in my mouth instead of in my nose hole and pulsating pussy.

"Well what does a girl have to do to tempt you?" I ask, kneeling in front of him on the bath rug, spreading face cream over his cock, and starting to slowly jerk him off between my tits.

"Look in my pants and you'll find a couple of rubbers. Black rubbers. We could

doe be fun!"

Watching these two athletically-built boys feeling black condoms over their momentary cocks has me pining for it. They look so wonderfully man and manning! Blondy lies on the floor and I squat over his dick, leaning forward a fraction so that he can dump it between my little lips and pull me down on to it. He's slippery as fuck, but extremely big.

Scooped full of prick, I lean forward on my hands and knees, to enable my second lover to slip his prick in to my waiting mouth. It's one helluva great feeling. Blondy rubs another handful of cream around the periphery of my engaged orifice, and gives a shove. All of a sudden I'm getting first-hand experience of how Marilyn Chambers must feel when Johnny Holmes goes to work on her.

The boys find it difficult to establish a joint rhythm— which makes it even funnier for me. At one point, slippery prick is up and on, so the other, up from underneath, then for a few seconds they switch in prick, then they blow their crotch and they're every which way.

So full of cock from both ends to dream, I abandon myself to the flurry of heaven-sent sensations as the guys build up to their climax. I tongue manically the cock in my mouth as Blondy grinds up into me and digs his fingers into my cheeks, then spreads my butt— presumably to get a better view—as he starts to unload.

The other partygoers are hammering on the door to get to use the john. They can see the flower vases for all I care. The bathroom is occupied— which you could say applies to me, too. **TG**





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RECORDED FOR POSTERITY

I work in a building surveyor's office in a hurry. Our office manager likes to move with the times, so when he discovered there was some small change left from his office computerization project, he invested in a whizzo new color photostat machine. The quality of these photocopies is just incredible — as some mystery man made clear to me one afternoon by leaving an envelope on my typewriter marked "persons". I returned from lunch, opened it, and, what do you know, there was a delightful study of a somewhat flattened male appendage. I showed it to the girls in the

computer room and they thought it highly amusing, likening it to a "squeaked frog" and "dead snake". We decided it might be fun to find out who the owner was, and sent a reply, so three of us stayed late that night, waiting for the manager to leave so that we could make our move.

Making doubly sure there were no cleaners on the premises, we cut a stack of playing cards for who was to squat on the copier, and true to fate I drew an ace! Feeling rather uncomfortable in the presence of my giggling colleagues, I stepped out of my pants, lifted my skirt, stepped on a chair, and squatted on the warm plexiglass exposing plate, parting my thighs ever so



slightly so as to get the best possible shot of my cunt. The copy was so good, it looked like it had been torn out of the pages of a porno magazine, and I felt my face flush crimson with embarrassment when I saw that both my orifices had been slated.

The following day, my friend Carol did a bit of nosing around in the accounts department, and she discovered the concertina'd cock belonged to Harry (as I'll call him), one of the auditors. As he was only in the office for a week, we had to act quickly, and our task was made even more difficult by his not having a permanent desk. We mailed the photocopy in an envelope marked "Mens" and gave it to the

office messenger boy, along with a \$5 bill for him to keep quiet. Against my wishes, my friend had written "Maybe we should get together some time." It so happened I kinda liked Harry, but this was no way to start a romance!

I tell you, the quest to find the foot to fit the glass slipper was a



couch compared to the inter-office search for the mystery girl who'd photocopied her pants! Four Harry tried every means possible (including getting the whole computer room drunk on champagne in the bar across the road) to find out, but my colleagues' lips remained firmly sealed.

It soon became evident I'd "started something," as they say, as other staff members took to sneaking off to the photocopier after hours to photograph their private parts. I was pleased, because it took the pressure off me, but when a second envelope arrived on my desk containing a photocopy of a hard-on measuring all of 940 ms and inscribed "Are you more interested now I'm still?" I realized I'd been found out by Harry. I compared the picture with the original (flashed) shot, and sure enough they were one and the same on the underside, was positive proof. Some awful bastard had spilled the beans!

I looked again at the magnificent prick. Should I run around the office again, showing it to the girls for more laughs? Or should I keep the secret between Harry and me? Nervously, I tapped out his



"He put his
head up my
skirt!"

number on the internal phone.

"It's me," I said, pathetically. "Miss Coppen? I loved your picture. So, are you going to take me out tonight?"

We were both really nervous, but with a few drinks in the local bar we soon relaxed, and later when he invited me back to his place I just couldn't refuse. I just had to have his prick inside me.

And Harry had no intention of disappointing me. We'd only been kissing and cuddling on the sofa for two or three minutes when he got down in front of me and put his head up my skirt, pulling my panties to one side and probing me with his tongue. All I wanted was to be fucked from behind, hard and fast—a wish that was quickly granted. Harry positioned himself behind me. He lubed the head of his gorgeous penis at the entrance to my soaping pussy. Then Harry was jamming his cock up me so

hard, I could feel my ass wobble!

Harry and I have been seeing each other ever since. In that time we have found more interesting things to do with our private parts. We're now known at the office as the Coppenes!

"Coppenes", Tampa FL

AWAY FROM IT ALL

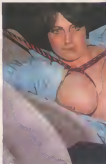
Last summer my boyfriend and I drove through the South of France. Things at home were getting a bit uncomfortable because my divorce proceedings were underway and my husband was threatening to get my boyfriend involved, so we packed a couple of suitcases and whizzed over to Europe for a naughty two weeks together. I was delighted to see my man packed his instant camera, as I'm really into posing for dirty photos.

On the drive through France we stopped off at a hotel near Avignon. We were tired and incurably horny. I'd been squeezing and stroking his prick ever since Calais, and six hours is a long time for a guy to

keep a hard-on! When we went to our room I was so desperate for it, I lay on the bed, lifted my skirt, and opened my legs. I'd never acted so brazenly before in all my 35 years, but all I wanted was for my fella to lick my cunt and tell me how much he loved me, and to stick his prick up me and whisper dirty things in my ear.

God knows, he didn't disappoint me. His prick was almost twice the size of my husband's, and he knew how to use it. Even though he came in five minutes he kept it up for a repeat session, flipping me over on to my belly and doing the doggie-style, squeezing my tits as he thrust hard and deep.

But it was at the camp-site in the countryside that things started to get really interesting.



All I felt like doing was playing kinky games and shooting hundreds of incredibly rude pics, and I was ecstatic when I discovered that my guy (just like me) was into playing sexy



Game Theory 101

I don't deny—I really went over the top acting the slut. He'd said it would turn him on so much to watch me play with myself sitting in the front of the car, and I was only too happy to oblige, opening my coat to reveal no bra, lifting my skirt to reveal no panties, and giving myself a slow finger-fuck while my guy hovered around outside the car, alternately popping flash-bulbs through the open window and stroking his rather impressive hard-on.

Like a sexy stripper, I removed his necktie and ran it between my legs. Then I hit on the idea of tying it loosely around my right breast and yanking it upwards, making it shudder.

Then, toting it higher still, so that my nipple was almost level with my face, I started sucking it, frigging myself with my other hand.

The next thing I knew, my tits were being showered with cum, as his prick boiled over – not bad timing since I was only seconds away from my own acid-induced orgasm.

But it was later that night, in our tiny, cosy little tent, we really threw inhibition to the wind. I lay on my back, wearing just stockings and a garter belt and he positioned himself above me in the 69 position. I held his dick and guided it between my lips, while he

leaned forward and buried his face in my pubic fuzz, seeking out my hot little clit with his tongue and flicking it from side to side. We abandoned ourselves completely to our lust, knowing just how to lick, slurp, suck and please.

It was a vacation I'll never, ever forget.
"Horny", New Orleans.

¹¹ *Horny*, New Orleans.

SLIPPERY SEX

I was first introduced to the wonderful pleasures of baby oil by a boyfriend, when I was in my late teens. He'd complained that I was

every erogenous zone was being stimulated at once, and to feel his hands on my slippery bottom, or cupping my glistening boobs, as that my greasy nipples peeked out between his index and middle fingers — was just divine. I was really sold on the idea of slippery sex.

The following evening I was eager for more of the same calling. I was ready for him. I'd cropped my pubes to a neat, V-shaped bush, and meticulously lubricated myself from head to toe. And that's exactly how I answered the door! Although he was wearing his business suit he grabbed me and ran his hands all over me, but I remained free (not



"a bit dry", and proceeded to slap a whole palm-ful over his duck. I was puzzled at first, because my pussy always becomes moist when I'm sexually aroused, but I soon realized his eagerness to use oil had nothing to do with any kind of discomfort during foreplay. He had only been inside me for a minute or two when he reached over to the bedside table, grabbed the baby oil, and squirted all of half a bottle over my breasts and belly.

I have to admit, it felt just fabulous! The more he and I thrashed around on the mattress the slipperier we became. It was as though my

difficult, when you're as slippery as an eel!) and ran into the bathroom, really please! hard to get

As my gas chased me around the place he shed his clothes bit by bit, and when he finally cornered me in the bedroom he was completely

46. *How do you feel about the future of the company?*

continued from page 91

naked. Two exhausted to continue the struggle, I turned my back to him and leaned forward over the capboard, knocking down still, he'd find the sight of my shiny, slippery bottom irresistible.

It was a truly memorable fuck.

Baby oil is an absolute must for the girl who prides herself on giving good hard jobs! Her slippery ass must be oiled in the cool, clear stuff, and when you pull then, sure and steady, passing every so often to replentish your palms with more oil, they invariably reward you with a good orgasm.



How easy is it?
(or is it?)
Lubrication is key.
Lubrication is key.

in front of them, pulling them off. We'd only just started when I noticed a bottle of baby oil on the bedside capboard. The guys had never experienced oil sex before so I felt like quite the pro as I slipped it on to their straining dicks. Immediately all senses were heightened and both guys were moaning loudly. They were both ejaculating within a minute or two. Girls were covered in male goo, but it didn't seem to matter in our decidedly-drunk condition. In deed, it was proof of a job well done. "Gily", Columbus, OH



Not bothering with any preliminaries whatever, the first I felt was the tip of his knob, nudging my pussy, trying to worm its way between my labia. Being wet with oil didn't exactly make this the hardest task in the world, and he slid it straight up me, right to the hilt, staying it around inside me for a few mindbogglingly sensual minutes before quickening the pace of his thrusts and ejaculating.

The head countless lovers since, and baby oil has remained a vital part of these relationships. Frankly, as a sexual lubricant, you can have too much of a good thing with baby oil, because its sheer slipperiness reduces the natural friction between cock and cunt. I far prefer using it during foreplay, greasing myself up, slipping into roughly scented stockings and high heels, and doing a slinky, kinky little prick routine routine, lying on my bed, using my clit and fiddling with myself while my boyfriend looks on.



crucial for all your work.

When I was footloose and fancy free (I'm married now, too bad), my girlfriend and I let ourselves get jacked up in a bar one night by a couple of off-duty policemen. They desperately wanted to get into our pants, but stray girls were a definite "no-no" at the station or anywhere they'd be easily recognized, so my

girlfriend moved as all back to her tiny apartment.

We'd all had quite a bit to drink and we were all desperate for sex. Unfortunately, the bed was too small for two people, never mind four, so we had to reach a compromise. The guys stood and sat side by side on the edge of the bed, and she and I knelt on the floor

FILM FUN

My kinky devil of a boyfriend is always pestering me to pose on a naughty photo session with a good female friend of his. She's a big, brassy blonde, sleeps with just about any man she can lay her hands on, and makes no secret of having done it all in the wonderful world of porno modeling - and I'm not talking like "it" ain't. I went out drinking with her one night and she described the wild times she'd had in Stockholm and Copenhagen, sucking and fucking complete strangers in front of a camera for \$1000 a

day, all the wine you can drink and as much cock as you can handle." And in her case, that's a heck of a lot! As though she was trying to shock me, she produced a few dog-eared magazine pages from her purse and passed them to me, not even bothering to keep them from view from the couple sitting at the same table. Sure enough, there she was, stripped down to a pair of thigh-high boots, being absolutely disgusting with two young horny studs who were quite generously endowed. I can't honestly say which of these two emotions hit me strongest:



disgust or jealousy!

What my smartass boyfriend doesn't know (and what I wouldn't tell him) is that ever since puberty I've had a latent lesbian streak, and I find this girl incredibly attractive, despite her moral laxity. He's got this harebrained scheme of photographing us together and selling the results to the magazines, but I don't get involved. Why? Because I'm sure I'd get hopelessly carried away and want to screw. Actually I'm scared I'd enjoy the experience so much, I'd lose all interest in men.

Hence the fantasies. Night

wearing a black garter belt and stockings. The "shoot" commences and for half an hour or so we pose for straight glamour footage, but after a while the cameraman instructs her to start "working" on me. At first, her caress feels strange and I have difficulty warming to her. But when she starts fondling and massaging my breasts, licking my earlobe and grinding her crotch into mine, I become acutely turned-on. I have this pent-up, powerful urge inside me, just waiting to be released, and when her fingertips trace a path through my pubic bush and finally

slight on my clit, I become completely horny. Needing no further prompting—and knowing full well what is expected of me—I clamber on top of my boyfriend's friend, sit astride her, and rest my bottom on her so that our clits are in direct contact.

Our agreement and we look at each other lovingly and longingly.

"He wants more than this, you know," she says, pulling me on top of her and kissing me feverishly.

"I know," I reply. "Get on all fours."



"Her orgasm is nowhere as powerful as mine"

after night (when I'm alone, that is). He is in bed playing with myself, imagining I'm in a sleazy photographic studio with this gorgeous girl. I'm wearing a white garter belt and black stockings, and she's

knéeing behind her exquisitely-turned bottom, I slip my fingers into her, and once again the lens zooms in for a salacious close-up. I feel incredibly bitch giving it to her this way, and soon she is humping her hips in wild, abandoned response to my powerful thrusts.

Her orgasm is very intense, though as we're near as powerful as mine the sensation of her tongue on my clit has me climbing the walls, and



climaxing far, far better than I've ever managed with a man. I'm really tempted to turn this fantasy into reality. One day, maybe... "Latent" Los Angeles.

SEA IN THE SUDS

My boyfriend thinks he is helpful around the house and he's always "improving" my apartment. A classic example was the day I had a

the washing machine plug and suddenly there was a resounding thud and the door burst open, soaking me from head to foot in hot, sudsy water.

"You useless idiot!" I shrieked, peeling off my saturated skirt. But as I stepped out of it I slipped on the wet tiles and landed—aplot!—on my bottom, just as he rushed in to see what the commotion was about.

Only my boyfriend could find such a bizarre situation in any way

stupid. I was furious! I got to my feet to really yell at him, but he quickly grabbed me, tore my bra off, and a slippery struggle ensued. Although I was sliding all over the place, he got his face between my

boobs and started sucking voraciously on my soapy nipples. He grabbed my ass and before I could stop him he'd tugged my soaping wet panty-crotch aside and was rubbing me all



washing machine delivered. The instructions clearly stated that a qualified plumber was required to install it, but my man scoffed at the idea of paying \$50 "just to connect a few hoses", and reached for his tool kit. I emptied the contents of the laundry basket into the tub, added "program A" and added the detergent.

A few minutes later I returned to the laundry room. Something was clearly wrong. There was a smell of burning. I leaned forward to check



"We rolled around, reveling in our wetness"

My attention quickly turned to passion. I pulled him to the floor (the room was an inch deep in water) and we rolled around, reveling in our wetness and tongue kissing frantically. He clambered out of his wet pants and knelt in the suds, while I knelt facing him, gripping his glowering cock really tight and pulling him off for all I was worth. It was 11 o'clock on a Monday morning and we were stone cold sober, but the situation was so powerfully sensual, it was better than these good horny Saturday nights rolled into one!

As I cushioned facing him off, the washing machine shuddered and splattered, and a rolling cascade of dense white suds poured from the machine and over the laundry room floor.

Seconds later, a string of peevishness senses shot forth and splashed across the back of my hand. If only washing clothes was always so exciting!

"Sudsy", Portland, OR ☺

NEXT MONTH IN

club

• COMMUNICATION •

continued from page 18

her parted lips. She rolled over in the straw and said huskily, "Take me from behind, doggie style."

Needless to say I obliged and we both enjoyed the most explosive, shuddering climax.

We were like two animals in heat and the results were wild. I now visit the hot little lady on a regular basis but we still look back on that first screw with amazement and satisfaction and just reading about our encounter has us both heading for the hay.

"Doggie Style"
New York, N.Y.

Beautiful Pussys

Sir: For the first time I feel compelled to write in answer to a letter that you had listed "EQUALITY" in the April edition of your magazine, the letter that was signed "Hooked." The poor lady seems a little confused and hurt. She shouldn't be hurt.

What do I get out of reading, and looking at the pictures, in a magazine like this? Honestly, I usually don't read anything but the letters column. But I look at all of the pictures, for one reason.

That reason can best be explained by an old line that I have heard many times: "Turn a thousand women upside down and they all look alike." That line is the biggest piece of damn foolishness I have ever read.

The stupid jerk that came up with that one just isn't paying attention. Look at women's faces. No two of them look alike. Turn them over and look at their pussys, and pay attention. No two of them look alike, they are all a little bit different.

I buy magazines like this for one reason and one reason only, and that is to look at pussy. I love it, all pussys are beautiful. For instance, take the April edition of Club, and look at various pictures. For instance, the top-of page 17. A great shot of a gorgeous cunt. Page 18 is good, and the bottom pic on page 19. All three on pages 20 and 21. Page 47 is another good one, and 48. The bottom of 49 would have been if she hadn't had her fingers in it. The large picture is good, if it had been a close up of just pussy. The top right corner of page 87 is A ok as is the bottom pic on page 89, and 91.

That is the reason that I buy these magazines, to look at pictures like that. I don't care about how old, young, colored, wrinkled, or whatever else a woman looks like, all pussys are

beautiful, and each and everyone of them are just a little bit different in its own way. Look at them again and study them. They are as individual as fingerprints.

"Pussy Lover"
Denver, CO

Watersport

Sir: I just picked up your April 87 issue and as usual, thoroughly enjoyed it. My main reason for this and picking up this issue was because of your "Watersport" pictorial of the guy and the gal in the shower. There is nothing much sexier than an attractive woman in a garbor belt and stockings, except if she is wearing them in the water.

I was really glad to see and excited by the shots of the gal getting thoroughly soaked in her black stockings. What a lucky guy to be showering with such an attractive gal wearing the sexiest of lingerie. I guess I consider myself pretty lucky also. My wife knows of my particular fetish and occasionally indulges me in the shower or the tub. She has quite a collection of stockings and garbor belts, plus just recently adding a black, lace (and very sexy) basique.



All of her lingerie has been soaked with her in them, quite a few times. On a few occasions while enjoying a soak in the tub she has joined me by starting off fully clad in the water. She'll wear a sexy dress, lingerie underneath with a garbor belt and stockings, plus a pair of high heels. This always ends up as quite a romp. Afterwards, she'll keep on her underwear, as we dry off to continue in the bedroom. So all you guys and girls out there why not try it? I know you'll love it. I'd love to see more great pictorials with the models getting their unmentionables drenched. Thanks and keep up the good work.

"Wet 'n' Wild"
Washington, DC

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INSIDE & OUT

OCTOBER ISSUE

ON SALE AUGUST 25th

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